**SDS Convention** *Richard Anthony and Phil Semas*

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

*June 29, 1968, 40 cents*

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
1968
LIBRARY

## Journey to Cuba

*André Schiffren*

**What Nixon and Rockefeller Say**

**Teaching the Disadvantaged**

**Nightmare of an Insomniac**

*The Editors:* **Law and Order, Humphrey on Vietnam, Spock Trial, Guns & McCarthy, N.Y. Primary, Berlin**

NEWSPAPER
NR QIVSSRLS 119 1 1172
UNIV OF VT
GUY N BAILEY
SRLS DEPT
BURLINGTON VT
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# If you think rising tuition costs are paying for college education

## you're 2/3 wrong.

Tuition, rising though it is, covers only about ⅓ of what it takes to educate a student today.

And costs are multiplying. Colleges are girding themselves now for the undergraduate influx that could mean 10 million students by 1977.

The new dorms, laboratories, libraries and faculty salaries to sustain this learning population must be paid for. This could lead to a financial crisis, unless we —individuals and business—give education its rightful priority in the American scene.

If you think it's important, you'll prove yourself 100% right by sending a contribution to a college.

**Give to the college of your choice.**

ADVERTISING COUNCIL

COUNCIL FOR FINANCIAL AID TO EDUCATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*(Advertisement)*

## To HUBERT H. HUMPRHEY, Vice President of the United States:

It would seem the nomination is almost certainly yours, now that Senator Kennedy is dead, *but if it is yours, how did you get it?* You were once a leader of Americans for Democratic Action, and surely its principles are still yours. How democratic an action is it to insist upon the unit rule for delegates in Maryland, to garner 100 delegates in Pennsylvania after a primary McCarthy won handily? Kennedy's delegates are said to be prepared to go to you. But the people who voted for him, coupled with those who voted for McCarthy, demonstrated as vigorously as possible that the nation's Democrats are repudiating the administration of which you are a part. The delegates may be yours; the Southerners may have decided that—paired with Governor Connally—you might not be too bad, but what about all those elements of the party which once mattered much more to you? What about the Northern liberals, the Negroes, the poor, the young people who have worked their hearts out to defeat policies with which you are identified?

> Nixon, at least, has taken his case to the rank and file of his party. He may have been running with little or no opposition, but votes of his own party have, nonetheless, consistently expressed their support. ***Do you like the thought that you are acting less democratically than Richard Nixon?***

If you are nominated, Democratic disaffection may cost you the election. But even if you win, *what will you have?* You will owe your position to Southern conservatives that every principle you ever had has led you to fight. You will have been to most of the rest of your party, the lesser of two very real evils. You will have alienated the most creative, the most talented, the most committed members of your own constituency. *Is that a victory?*

President Johnson has withdrawn because he quite rightly felt that he was too much a source of contention to be able to govern well. Since you have *never* separated yourself from those of his policies which dissipated his consensus, do you really think you can do any better? Do you want to spend the next four years trying in vain to bridge a credibility gap? Do you want, for fear of causing riots, to speak only at army bases? Do you want to betray the constructive programs in which you believe because you need to retain the support of men for whose political goals you have nothing but contempt?

You have been throughout most of your career a man of candor—open-hearted, open-handed, and single-faced, and there have been many, indeed, who have loved you, who would once have considered it their dearest privilege to help you become President. There is, it would seem, only one way for you to regain the esteem the past four years have cost you. **QUIT.** The Presidency for you in 1968 is far too expensive an office. You have always seemed to me to be a man who would rather be right.

Most sincerely yours,

Marian Burkhart

333 Central Park West
New York, N. Y. 10025

Mrs. Charles L. Burkhart

**This ad has been paid for by a group of New York Democrats who want peace in Vietnam and democracy at home.**

*The New Republic* is published 48 weeks per year at $10, by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey Inc. 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# T.R.B. from Washington

*Moving Forward Together*

★ The day was muggy and overcast which was a blessing, all things considered, because when the sun came out it was hot. The man at the microphone on the platform kept announcing more lost children. I sat under a hemlock on a cardboard sign that had fallen out of somebody's standard; it showed the faces of half a dozen hungry children, all crying, and the caption was, "What do we eat for dinner?"

At 1:30 the marshal told us to march and the huge throng in the hollow began to move. We mounted the knoll of the Washington Monument, a well-behaved, shirt-sleeved crowd of blacks and whites. Suddenly at the top we saw the panorama half a mile ahead to the Lincoln Memorial, all the foreground and rear filled with moving people, an army, many carrying placards. Macbeth's in Dunsinane Wood must have looked like that, only that was green.

Everybody moved forward together. Now and then a song would start up and spread: "I do believe" was one. There was a feeling of belonging. There was a feeling of power; everybody seemed a little taller. There were priests and nuns in the crowd and one group of them were advancing together, the leader chanting "Hail Mary! full of grace" and the others making the responses. It was like church; it was a spiritual experience.

On one side were fountains with kids wading, and then the reflecting pool, and on the other side the rain-soaked shacks of Resurrection City. Some had slogans painted on the sides. Once the encampment held 3,000 people but at the end it was down to 500 after almost 7.5 inches of rain fell in a month on the low-lying campground. Some day out of nowhere a folk song will spring up telling of the grave people who stuck it out there.

Resurrection City was a national safety valve. Few disturbances occurred elsewhere while it went on. It was Martin Luther King's idea and it has been one of the greatest publicity devices ever invented, I think. There it was: it personified hunger, it personified the USA. It was looking down the Mall at Congress. It could not be sneered away.

Most people don't mind the poor so long as they stay out of sight. But these poor people were on the front cover of *Time*. Close your eyes, switch on the air-conditioner at night, listen to the rain falling – and you still couldn't forget it was falling on the plywood shacks of the poor lying close to the ground. There are 10 million hungry people in America and you, I, we, share the guilt.

TRB has gone over the story of America's stinginess before but maybe it is worth repeating. It has three parts. Americans pay less taxes – federal, state and local – than does almost any European country in proportion to national production. (Authority: the First National City Bank of New York). Also, America pays a smaller proportion of its wealth in public assistance than does almost any other industrial nation. (Authority: the Brookings Institution.) And finally, America divides up its national income so unjustly that the top five percent of the population gets 20 percent of it, and the bottom 20 percent gets less than five percent of it. That's the story.

To put it all in a nutshell, the government pays racist Senator Eastland of Mississippi $157,000 a year for not producing cotton, while it pays the plantation family deprived of work around $35 a month in relief to starve on. Can't give more, of course, because that would be giving something for nothing! (For Eastland it's a soil conservation payment.)

This situation, we are persuaded, can't last. We think Americans at heart are a generous people. They have been astonished, even stunned, by some of the things they have learned recently about poverty in the midst of affluence and Resurrection City has helped. But make no mistake about it. The remedies are going to cost money, they are going to take taxes and, until things are improved, there is going to be a lot of trouble.

*Roman History*

★ Two famous brothers once lived in ancient Rome. They came from a wealthy family whose father had served the state abroad. They were brought up with great care to inspire an aggressive sense of public service. There was plenty that needed doing, too, God knows, what with foreign wars and the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few. Tiberius Gracchus, the elder, stood for public office in 133 BC as an earnest reformer. He was elected Tribune and put through sweeping social legislation and was murdered.

He had a younger brother, Caius Gracchus. The latter idolized Tiberius, couldn't get him out of his head, saw him in dreams. He had a responsible post, too, but decided to run for higher office. So he declared himself for the Tribune, too, in 123 BC. He was determined to complete his brother's work. The common people hailed him. This one, too, as it happened, got elected and initiated a series of remarkable social reforms. Then he, too, was murdered. Rome wept. That's the story of the Gracchi.

★ *Notes:* "Hubert Humphrey as Vice President was a member of a team; Humphrey as President would be captain of the team – there's a lot of difference!" That statement goes about as far as HHH will go in divesting himself of association with LBJ. He makes the statement significantly, implying much, saying little . . . the next President will probably pick two members of the Supreme Court; that's the average per term – two conservatives could swing the balance on vital issues. . . . General Westmoreland says the Van Thieu government is stronger than ever; he's been wrong on nearly everything so far and we assume there will ultimately be a new government to take in the NLF and make peace. . . . As for the firearms business, we think every gun-maker should be nationalized.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**THE NEW REPUBLIC** *A Journal of Opinion Volume 158 Number 26 Issue 2795 June 29, 1968*
*Published weekly (except the last week in July, the second and fourth weeks in August and the last week in December) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 40c. Yearly subscription $10; Foreign $11; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1968 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D.C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

CONTENTS

COMMENT 5-12
Law and Order; He'd Rather Be Wrong; Squeeze on Berlin; New York Primary; The Court and Farm Workers; McCarthy on Guns; Spock-Coffin; Changing Styles of HEW

The Many Voices of the New Left
– *Richard Anthony and Phil Semas* 12

Learning to Teach the Disadvantaged
– *Harriet Douty* 14

What Are Nixon and Rockefeller Saying?
– *John Osborne* 15

Cuba's Fourth World
– *André Schiffren* 18

Lesser But Lester
– *Stanley Kauffmann* 22

BOOKS – *Reviews by Lore Segal, Wilfred Cartey, Howard Kaye* 23

ART – *Mario Amaya* 29

CORRESPONDENCE 31

THE STAFF

*Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison*
*Managing Editor – Alex Campbell*
*Literary Editor – Richard Gilman*
*Associate Literary Editor – Stanley Kauffmann*
*Associate Editors – James Ridgeway, David Sanford, Joseph Featherstone*
*Assistants to the Editors – F. R. Ruskin, Gwen Somers*
*Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, John Osborne, Paul Wieck*

*S.E. Asia Correspondent – Zalin B. Grant*

*Publisher – Garth Hite*
*Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman*
*Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen*
*Production Manager – Anthony Perucci*
*Advertising Department – Holly Reppert*

*New York Advertising Representative – E. Laurence White Jr., Good-Laidley-White 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017*

*Office of Literary Editor – 17 Charlton St., New York, N.Y. 10014*

# Law and Order

His own Senate Majority Leader having threatened that Congress would override a veto, the President last week signed the Safe Streets and Crime Control Act of 1968. He did it reluctantly. It is a bastard version of his original proposal to the Congress, made in February of last year. Mr. Johnson believes it "contains more good than bad." It does not. It should have been vetoed. The best part of it, and that is flawed, is the authorization in Title I of $400 million in federal funds, over the next two years to improve police performance (on which we now spend over $2.5 billion annually). The flaws in Title I are a mandatory emphasis on riot control, which is not where the crime is, and the absence of any pressure on police forces to hire Negroes; funds can go to lily-white forces.

The worst sections of the bill, however, are those dealing with wiretapping (much too broad), gun control (too weak), and limitations on rights of accused (damaging to civil liberties and pointless as a crime control measure). Local police are to be allowed to wiretap and eavesdrop in a wide variety of instances, and do so for 48 hours without a warrant, if in their judgment an "emergency" exists. Mr. Johnson took note of this. "If we are not very careful and cautious in our planning," he said, "these legislative provisions could result in producing a nation of snoopers bending to the keyholes of the homes and offices of America, spying on our neighbors. I believe this action goes far beyond the effective and legitimate needs of law enforcement. The right of privacy is a valued right. But in a technologically advanced society, it is a vulnerable right. That is why we must strive to protect it all the more against erosion." Title VI merely outlaws the mailing of handguns and ammunition to individuals, and the sale over the counter of handguns to residents of another state, or to persons under 21. Since the grant-in-aid provisions are not satisfactory, and since the gun control section is almost trivial, the President's reason for signing the bill is not convincing. It would have been better to start all over again.

Clearly, the popular mood as reflected by the Congress is anxious, punitive, and short-sighted. That is understandable. One doesn't have to look beyond one's neighborhood for the reasons. Crime is not a nightmare of the right wing. It is real and menacing. The tendency in some quarters to blame crime on the "coddling" of criminals by soft-headed civil libertarians, or even on poor Dr. Spock, is, of course, nonsense. But it is also nonsense to think that we can be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indifferent to the need for better police work and expect less crime. The public is right to demand that more be done, and done better. Two years ago, and the situation has worsened since, 43 percent of people polled in the high crime areas of two large cities were staying off the streets at night, and 35 percent of them no longer spoke to strangers, because of their fear of crime. Last year, the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice made known what the public had long suspected, that FBI statistics on crime underestimate it; the crime rate was "several times greater." "The amount of personal injury . . . is almost twice the UCR (Uniform Crime Reports of the FBI) rate, and the amount of property crime more than twice as much as the UCR rate for individuals. Forcible rapes were more than three and a half times the reported rate, burglaries three times, aggravated assaults and larcenies of $50 and over more than double, and robbery 50 percent greater than the reported rate." Most of these crimes, the Commission found, are committed by boys and young men, and in cities. The Commission, in a model report, put forward over 200 recommendations, from assuring minimum family incomes to a wide range of methods for improving police work. Many of the same recommendations, sober, well thought out, were made again by the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders this year. But Congress could not be expected to heed that commission's findings when Mr. Johnson himself acted coolly toward them.

Hobbes, writing in another violent and disorderly age, "where every man is Enemy to every man," concluded that only force could hold the passions in check. The end of that road is a police state, an attitude of mind in which order, however secured, seems the highest public good. Even liberty may be surrendered, in desperation, in exchange for the promise of safety. People flee from a "freedom" which is anarchy. We are not at that point yet, but we're too near it for comfort.

Of course, crime and violence are directly related to poverty, racial discrimination, bad schooling, unemployment and all the rest. And, as the Crime Commission said in 1967, no system of criminal justice, "however well-staffed or organized, no level of material well-being for all, will rid a society of crime if there is not . . . a widespread belief that by and large the government and the social order deserve credence, respect and loyalty." But these larger problems are not going to be solved next month or next year, even with the most farsighted, well-financed public and private programs. Meanwhile, agencies for law enforcement must be adequately staffed, well-trained, equipped with the most modern (non-lethal) weapons, and representative of *all* the people in the communities – not just whites.

# He'd Rather Be Wrong

"The control of the past depends above all on the training of memory," George Orwell wrote in *1984*. "And if it is necessary to rearrange one's memories . . . then it is necessary to *forget* that one has done so. The trick of doing this can be learned like any other mental technique." In this nation, this year, no such radical revisionism would be tolerated. Nevertheless, from time to time a political candidate makes a stab at persuading us that the past is not the way we remember it, or that it doesn't much matter what happened yesterday. The voters are asked to believe that the candidate didn't quite say what he did say, or didn't quite mean what they thought he meant. Anyway, times change, "the past is a bucket of ashes"; why rake them over?

Such reflections occurred after reading two reports last week which hinted that the old Hubert Humphrey we read about was never what we thought he was, that what he was was a doubter about the Administration's Vietnam policy. The stories seemed improbable. Mr. Humphrey has been dangerously wrongheaded, but nonetheless sincere. It was more than casually interesting, therefore, when Bill D. Moyers, a "close personal friend of the Vice President" said that Mr. Humphrey "has always questioned the efficacy of American military power in a situation like Vietnam," that he "really wrote the script for most of what Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy have been saying this year." Mr. Moyers hoped Humphrey would say publicly what Mr. Moyers believes he has been thinking privately, "and that is that present policies are inadequate, present personalities are inadequate, that we must move away from where we have been, we must liquidate the war in Vietnam in one way or the other. . . ." Mr. Moyers was convinced, moreover, that the President understood the necessity of Mr. Humphrey's departing from the established truth and would "quietly give his blessing." For the President understands that "the country wants a change"; otherwise, he would not have withdrawn from the race himself.

On the same day, James Reston of the *New York Times* dropped some similar hints. "Mr. Humphrey is clearly going to get the nomination," Mr. Reston wrote. "The Democratic delegates to the nominating convention are falling into his hands." Even so, "the Vice President is in trouble." He is "in a jam." Why? Because so many of his former friends no longer trust him. He might help himself were he to "say plainly what he believes." But that is not easy: "If the President urges or permits Mr. Humphrey to speak frankly about Mr. Humphrey's views on Vietnam and the cities, this is likely to demonstrate that Mr. Hum-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phrey has serious doubts about Mr. Johnson's past policies at home and abroad. But if the President does not let Mr. Humphrey speak frankly, the Vice President will be stuck with Mr. Johnson's policies, which are opposed violently by Mr. Humphrey's former allies among the poor, the blacks and the intellectuals." Mr. Reston inferred that if the Vice President *did* say plainly "what he believes," he would dissent from policies he has defended for the past five years. Very awkward. Still, what with the war dragging on, with the Paris talks getting nowhere, with casualties mounting, and with the elections only several months away, it would be prudent now for Mr. Humphrey to "speak for himself," so that voters could judge "him on his convictions rather than on his loyalty to the President and the Administration."

Were these two stories inspired? All sorts of fascinating possibilities came to mind. Was the Vice President about to resign and join the doves? Would he perhaps pledge himself to end the war promptly? Would he recommend a halt to the bombing? Would he say, as Senator McCarthy has said, that the splitting of Vietnam into two "sovereign" states is fiction of our making? Would he adopt the idea he had so strongly denounced, of a coalition government in the south as a way to peace?

Within 48 hours the answer was given. Any difference between the President and the Vice President over Vietnam can be measured in millimeters. Mr. Humphrey does not expect us to forget. What he said, he said. He has no regrets, "no conflict of conscience." "No man agrees with the President on every detail," but "I have supported this policy enthusiastically."

That settles that.

# Squeeze on Berlin

The government of East Germany is again making the most of the awkward geography that puts Berlin 110 miles inside its territory. Since June 11, West Berliners and West Germans using East German routes have needed East German visas, and since June 20 they've had to pay an East German travel tax as well. After July 1, West Berlin's trade will be forced to pay toll to East Germany of about $20 million a year. All these decrees are in line with the East German Interior Ministry's triumphant declaration that "West Berlin has never been, and never will be part of the West German Federal Republic." The German communists' new toughness showed first in March, when the increasing political strength of the West German neo-Nazi party, the National Democrats, threw a scare into them. It worsened in April, when the West German students' leader, Rudi Dutschke (since recovered), was shot in West Berlin. Saying that "the assassin misused the transit routes across the German Democratic Republic to travel with his murder weapon from Munich to West Berlin," the East Germans, who in March had already banned neo-Nazis traveling to West Berlin, refused to allow West German "Ministers and leading officials" to travel either, including West Berlin Mayor Klaus Schultz. Later they relaxed on this one, reportedly on Russian advice. Now the heat's on again, this time with Soviet approval. The Russians may calculate that a tough East German attitude will serve to put the Czechs back in line. In fact, the Czechs appear to be there already. The top Czech communist, Alexander Dubcek, gave his assurance on June 13 that his country staunchly supports all East German moves aimed against "the threat of West German militarism." He said this though the East Germans had been snarling at him all month, had banned sales of Czechoslovakia's only German-language newspaper and curtly canceled student-exchange programs.

The ostensible reason for the travel and trade restraints is the set of emergency laws passed by the West German Parliament in response to student uproar. The Russian version is that the East Germans had been patiently plugging away for peace and friendship, and had "exerted great efforts to normalize relations between the two German states," when the West Germans suddenly threw off the democratic mask and passed laws "which pave the way to a military and political dictatorship in West Germany," at the very moment that "the neo-Nazis have considerably intensified their activities in West Berlin."

The truth is less sensational and less ominous. The West Germans have been politically dull enough to play into the hands of both their own neo-Nazis and the East German communists. Far from secretly rejoicing over the growth of the National Democratic Party, as the Russians are hinting, West German Chancellor Kiesinger and Foreign Minister Willy Brandt went out of their way to warn the voters of Baden-Wurttemberg to have nothing to do with the NDP. Nevertheless, the NDP took votes away from the Social Democrats, partly because some West German socialists were disgruntled by the Social Democrats having joined in coalition with the Christian Democrats, but mainly out of a middle-age backlash against students, including Brandt's own 19-year-old son who went to jail in protest against the government his father adorns. In West Berlin some of the cabdrivers, those most loquacious and unreliable of political pundits, declared that anyway under Hitler those students wouldn't have dared. Perhaps communist passengers made notes. Alarmed that the federal republic was going the way of Weimar with generations



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and left and right factions all at daggers drawn, the Kiesinger government hurriedly passed the anti-riot laws that gave the Russians and East Germans their opportunity to wax sanctimonious and be vindictive.

At this juncture and in this fix, the Kiesinger regime turned appealingly to its allies, especially the US. Since 1961 it's been a German axiom that all American Presidents are Berliners, and Mr. Johnson dutifully promised "support of free Berlin . . . as ever," but didn't disclose what form it would take.

If the NATO countries adopt a trade boycott of East Germany, that state would be hard hit. On West Germany alone it depends for about a third of the foreign currency it earns from trade, and most of its remaining earnings come not from the communist world but from the rest of the West. Furthermore, the communist nations of Eastern Europe look to West German know-how and credits – and would dearly like to look to this country as well – for that modernizing they know they need if their brands of communism are to be made to work. Moscow imperils its weakening hold on them if it seems to put support of East Germany ahead of their vital national interests, and besides, Russia's own trade with West Germany is rising by leaps and bounds. So the West is by no means without levers for prising open the locks and bolts the East Germans are attempting to put upon West Berlin.

The remedy lies more in West Germany's own grasp, however, than in that of its allies. Bonn's recent willingness to be nice even to nations that recognize the East German regime has paid off in Eastern Europe. But West Germany is still working its passage with the nations the Nazis overran. Stern anti-riot laws, cops with clubs, and neo-Nazis, on top of continuing West German pretensions to recovery of territory that is now Polish and Czech, are bound to trigger reactions and make the East German regime look, if not good, a little better than it would otherwise. Bonn's best bet still is to behave, even under provocation, with the circumspection that puts East Germany on the spot as the real bully in jackboots.

# New York Primary

If there were lingering doubts about the gut determination of people in every walk of life to effect a real change in the country's political direction and its leadership, the New York primary returns should dispel them. Politicians there design election laws to preserve their own little spheres of influence, and the voters must participate in a "blind primary" – only the names of delegate candidates appear on the ballot, with no hint of either a preference or a commitment to a given presidential candidate. Since the established political names are, in the vast majority of cases, those of the organization politicos, the system is expected to work (and, in the past, almost always has worked) to the advantage of the "pros."

Thus, when hundreds of thousands of New York voters took the trouble to find out which of the delegate slates were pledged to Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy and then elected over half of them, they were writing in indelible ink a script which, as Sen. McCarthy said on election night, will make it "very difficult for the party leaders in New York to read . . . and not tremble."

Then, they punctuated it by nominating for the Senate Paul O'Dwyer, who ran an almost penniless campaign, over Nassau County Executive Eugene Nickerson, the favorite, and Rep. Joe Resnik, the pugnacious upstate congressman who confessed to spending $1 million in a campaign in which he lauded both President Johnson and Vice President Humphrey and then ran third, the spot the experts had reserved for Paul O'Dwyer.

The fact that all O'Dwyer had going for him was the personal endorsement of Sen. McCarthy and the Coalition for a Democratic Alternative (CDA), organized only six months ago but already an effective political instrument in that populous state, makes the voice of the people ring even more resoundingly.

It was significant for still another reason.

Following the assassination of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, the masses of voters were solemnly told, by their political leadership speaking through the mass media, that Vice President Humphrey has his party's nomination wrapped up. Delegate counts, which must once again be revised to reflect the desire of the voters rather than the predilections of the political establishment, were cited. They were impressive. In fact, they still are. But, as they have been doing ever since Sen. McCarthy tramped the snows of New Hampshire early this year, the voters displayed their independence by once again ignoring the advice of the experts and their political sources and voting for change.

It is a vote the Democratic political establishment had better heed if it wants to avoid a debacle in November.

The New York primary was the first since the assassination of Sen. Kennedy devastated political morale of the country once again. It wasn't the first time this year. Discussing the problems of the campaign in the 19th district the day before the election, Alex Rosenberg (he was elected a Convention delegate) put it this way: "When it started, we couldn't lose." Just as the campaign was heating up in the spring, the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, to quote Rosenberg, "stopped the campaign in its tracks." Then, it heated up again.

The night before Sen. Kennedy was shot a "unity"



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anti-war slate of two McCarthy delegates and a Kennedy delegate was being pushed in the 19th district. "We had an enormous number of workers out," Rosenberg said, adding that the second assassination "stopped everything again." To this was added lack of money and forces that resulted from the decision of Sen. McCarthy not to campaign actively in the final days. Yet, in the 19th, a district that runs from the West Side around Manhattan to the machine-controlled Lower East Side and has been a battleground for a decade, the entire anti-war slate was elected.

A part of the credit for the devastating victory of Sen. McCarthy's supporters in New York must go to those issue-oriented backers of Sen. Kennedy who, once the initial shock of the assassination passed, made personal decisions to join forces. By the final weekend, every McCarthy operation in the state included a generous sprinkling of Kennedy supporters from the lower echelons – students, housewives, young professionals. Typical was a woman, just out of the hospital, who made her way to a McCarthy headquarters in the 17th (Manhattan's Silk Stocking district) to explain she had been for Sen. Kennedy but felt she had "just one choice" and wanted to know who the McCarthy delegate candidates were.

This movement to McCarthy was intensified by the public decision of an influential group of elected officials of the party's "reform" wing – from Rep. Jonathan Bingham (D) of the Bronx through three city council members and four state legislators – to move into the McCarthy camp in the closing days.

On the other hand, the voters tended to disregard the appeals of members of Sen. Kennedy's "inner circle," such as Ted Sorensen, a Kennedy delegate in the 17th, who asked to be sent to Chicago "uncommitted" to a candidate despite his public affirmations of commitment to "a cause." In early returns from his district, the McCarthy slate was winning 4-1.

Just as big a jolt to the power brokers in the national party was the failure of delegates pledged to Vice President Humphrey to pick up even a substantial number of those left over, after the McCarthy forces had swept suburban counties such as Nassau and Westchester, most of the boroughs of New York City, and a number of upstate races. Most of the remaining spots on the delegation went to "uncommitted" slates formerly for Sen. Kennedy, leaving the Vice President with only a pitiful handful in the second most populous state. Added to California, where the pro-Administration slate received only 12 percent of the vote, it is not only a stinging indictment of the Administration and its chosen candidate, but another clear indication of just how irrelevant the power brokers are to the forces at work in the political structure in 1968.

Another victory of note is the one claimed by Allard K. Lowenstein in Nassau County, once the stronghold of Jack English, who was prime candidate for the first real suburban boss in metropolitan New York, before the returns came in.

Until last week, English was on the rise. His organization has elected and reelected a county executive and two members of Congress. His man, Nickerson, was favored for the senatorial nomination. He expected to have six delegates to play with in Chicago. Not only did he lose all six plus Nickerson, but he now finds Lowenstein entrenched in his own county. Lowenstein is the man who read the public mood as long ago as last August and played the major role in putting together, on a national level, the Coalition for a Democratic Alternative which spawned the McCarthy candidacy. Lowenstein not only won handily, he put together, almost from scratch, a viable organization in the cluster of wealthy towns in the southern portion of Nassau County. He is preparing to resume his activity in behalf of the McCarthy candidacy between now and August, his credibility enhanced by the voters.

There are perceptible long-range dividends in the McCarthy sweep of New York last week. Until CDA was organized to promote the candidacy of an anti-war candidate, the "reform" movement in New York politics was limited to the inner city. It did not reach even into the suburban and semi-suburban areas of metropolitan New York. During the early days of CDA, its co-directors, Harold Ickes and Sarah Kovner, both of whom can claim a large measure of satisfaction from the results, had to locate upstate support by contacting persons who signed anti-war ads. But, as a result of their efforts, organizations were formed throughout upstate New York (very strong in areas such as Rochester) and the suburban districts, giving the anti-organization forces their first statewide base in decades. Because of the combination of the McCarthy sweep and the O'Dwyer victory, plus the influx of issue-oriented Kennedy supporters, it should be possible to maintain the CDA structure as an effective political instrument.

The New York vote places Vice President Hubert Humphrey in a defensive posture just when he seemed to have a commanding lead in his bid for the Democratic nomination and, like former Vice President Richard Nixon, seemed set on an "above the battle" course between now and Chicago.

Since November, events have been alternatively kind and cruel to Sen. McCarthy. Each time he received a blessing from the voters, the nature of the campaign was abruptly changed in a way beyond his control, forcing him to reevaluate and get a new feel. Now, the New York voters, like those of New Hampshire



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Oregon, have again eased the way.

Because of the drubbing Humphrey received in New York, the way is cleared for McCarthy to take the offensive on issues, to literally pursue his fellow Minnesotan from coast to coast until he answers to the voters. McCarthy was already tentatively reaching for this strategy in the closing days of the New York campaign, by directing his attention to Humphrey's public posture. Now, it will be more convincing.

# The Court & Farm Workers

Although it has received little publicity, the Supreme Court's May 20 ruling permitting a union to picket a business enterprise located within a shopping center may prove one of the most important labor decisions in recent years. The ruling overturns a decision by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, which gave the owner of a shopping center complete authority to say who could or could not picket on his property. Speaking for the majority of the Court, Justice Marshall noted: "The sole justification offered for the substantial interference with the effectiveness of petitioners' exercise of their First Amendment rights to promulgate their views through handbilling and picketing is respondents' claimed absolute right under state law to prohibit any use of their property by others without their consent. However, unlike a situation involving a person's home, no meaningful claim to protection of a right of privacy can be advanced by respondents here."

Justice Marshall then went on to say that the economic trends of the last twenty years reinforced the opinion of the Court. Citing the fact that the movement of population from the cities to the suburbs meant that 37 percent of all retail sales in the United States and Canada now occur in shopping centers, he concluded: "These figures illustrate the substantial consequences – for workers seeking to challenge substandard working conditions, consumers protesting shoddy or overpriced merchandise, and minority groups seeking nondiscriminatory hiring policies – that a contrary decision here would have. Business enterprises located in downtown areas would be subject to on-the-spot public criticism for their practices, but businesses situated in the suburbs could largely immunize themselves from similar criticism by creating a *cordon sanitaire* of parking lots around their stores."

The most obvious beneficiary of the Court's 6-3 decision will be unions seeking to organize employees in suburban stores. This case was a legal victory for the Amalgamated Food Employees (Union Local 590) over Logan Valley Plaza, Inc. Of more interest, however, is the effect that this decision will have on Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. The Union is now in the tenth month of its strike against the Giumarra Vineyard Corporation of Edison, California, and in its struggle against the largest producer of grapes in the world has been severely restricted in where it could picket. Yet, it is precisely this kind of boycott activity that has been the chief weapon of the Union. Keeping scab labor out of the fields has been a slow and difficult process. The Farm Workers (like all agricultural unions) are not covered by the National Labor Relations Act, and in the political climate of Southern California, it is hard to get the Immigration Bureau to check on the number of "illegals" being brought to the fields for the express purpose of breaking the strike.

A single ruling by the Supreme Court will not win the strike for the Union, but more and more suburban housewives (the chief purchasers of a luxury item like table grapes) can expect to be hearing of *La Huelga* directly from teams of striking Farm Workers now in New York, Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles. These women are highly mobile consumers, who generally have a choice of driving to several markets. Pressure on selected stores may produce immediate changes in their buying habits. In Boston, where nuns and priests have been among the Union's most ardent supporters on picket lines, copies of Justice Marshall's *obiter dictum* are already being reprinted.

# McCarthy on Guns

Stricter control over possession of firearms by private citizens will not, of course, stop murders, any more than punitive laws have stopped the spreading use of drugs (there is always the black market). But it does not follow from this that Senator Eugene McCarthy's hesitancy to impose legal restrictions on the right to purchase and transport guns is justified. McCarthy believes the federal government could properly register side arms and "heavy guns," but that is not saying much; indeed less than the Administration has said in its feeble request for a ban on mail-order sale of pistols and rifles. By way of explanation McCarthy says, "It's been my experience in 20 years in the Congress that you really ought not to try to put through legislation under panic conditions, and that to say we'll need a different gun bill today than the one we needed yesterday or the day before is not a good way to proceed." According to a spokesman for the Senator, he is anxious to protect the rights of the citizenry to bear arms under the Second Amendment and does not want to disarm sportsmen. By heavy guns, McCarthy means things like tanks, mortars and bazookas.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Senator has always had too permissive an attitude on this subject. In August, 1967 he voted against cutting appropriations to the Army's National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice. The National Rifle Association then controlled the board, which each year dispensed 60 million rounds of free ammunition from the Defense Department ammo dumps to member clubs of the NRA. The Army recently curtailed the board's activities, but in the past both right and left wing militant organizations have joined the NRA to get free ammunition.

Those who think effective gun control measures would not reduce the homicide rate (because a potential murderer can always find a weapon) should consider evidence gathered by Franklin E. Zimring, Research Assistant at the University of Chicago's Center for Studies in Criminal Justice. From a study of more than 1,400 homicides and 22,000 assaults in Chicago over three years, he concludes that although the number of violent attacks is not likely to be affected by the elimination of firearms (or restricting their possession) the number of people who die as a result of these attacks would decrease.

# Spock-Coffin

The first stage of the government's case against a pediatrician, a university chaplain, a writer, a researcher and a student for conspiring to stop the mighty war machine has ended. A Boston jury, instructed by a markedly unsympathetic district judge, has returned a verdict of guilty against all but one of these menacing five. The jury put the law the judge gave it to the facts it heard, and the judge would not hear the law he should have put to the jury. The one acquittal – of Marcus Raskin, co-director of a Washington research institute – bespeaks the tenuousness of the so-called conspiracy charged in the indictment, since Raskin's connection with the others, although remote, differs in slight degree only from the relationship among the rest of them. It is all a matter of the random presence of one or another of the defendants at press conference, preach-in or speak-out, turn-in or turn-out.

The government flung all sorts of horrors at the jury, including a ritual sit-in by Dr. Spock and another at an induction center in New York, and pictures of assorted enthusiasts burning little draft-seeming cards in the background (this was on film) while the Rev. Mr. Coffin was speaking in Boston. Pretty clearly, there was no agreement, however loose, among the five defendants covering any such variety of activities, and hence they can scarcely be said to have joined in the rather far-ranging conspiracy which, it turns out on the evidence, the government charged them with. This is one important point to be raised on appeals to the federal Circuit Court in Boston, and ultimately, if necessary, to the Supreme Court of the United States. In addition to one or two procedural points, the appellate will be asked to decide also what has all along been the crucial issue in the case, namely, whether the First Amendment should not be construed to protect peaceable protest, expressed for the most part in words, even when it eventuates in conduct supporting, but not inciting to, draft-card turn-ins, which may strictly speaking be illegal, but which constitute at most a trivial inconvenience to the government. The cards, it should be remembered, whose function supposedly is to identify their draft-eligible carriers, were turned in to the government itself, hardly an ominous way, in the words of the indictment, to "hinder and interfere . . . with the administration" of the Selective Service Act, or to "counsel, aid and abet . . . the registrants to unlawfully . . . refuse and evade service in the armed forces. . . ."

The government and certain elements in the peace movement are at one, apparently, in frowning on these defendants for defending themselves. Much was made by the government of the expressed desire of Coffin, Spock *et al.* for a confrontation, the point being that it was only fitting, the government having taken up the challenge, for the jury to convict, and for the defendants to proceed gratefully to jail. In the peace movement there is opinion that once it proved impossible to turn the Boston affair into a propaganda trial on the legality of the Vietnam war, there was no further defense that could be made worthily, and hence none should have been made.

The First Amendment remains, however, a worthy reliance, and it is a socially useful enterprise also to urge the courts to hold the charge of conspiracy to limits that exclude the independent actions, legal or not, of men whose views happen to coincide.

"All our history gives confirmation to the view that liberty of conscience has a moral and social value which makes it worthy of preservation at the hands of the state," wrote Harlan Fiske Stone, later Chief Justice of the United States. "It may well be questioned whether the state which preserves its life by a settled policy of violation of the conscience of the individual will not in fact ultimately lose it by the process." Quoting these words, several hundred of William Sloane Coffin's colleagues at Yale said in a statement issued in February: "This [the Boston] indictment means that our government has felt it necessary to attempt by legal process to coerce the conscience of many of its people. . . . This is what the war in Vietnam has come to." And this, at great cost and risk, is what the Boston defendants are resisting for all of us by defending themselves.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Changing Styles for HEW

Several months ago Food and Drug Commissioner James Goddard got wind of a planned shake-up at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, of which the Food and Drug Administration has been a part. FDA, traditionally a semi-independent agency, was to be put under a new division at HEW concerned with "consumer protection" and "the environment." The reorganization would insert intermediaries between the FDA Commissioner and the Secretary of HEW, to whom Goddard had theretofore enjoyed direct access. The plan was to lump together air pollution control, radiological health, urban and industrial health and disease prevention, and FDA into a master agency called the Consumer Protection and Environmental Health Service. The FDA Commissioner and administrators of the other agencies would answer to the CPEHS administrator, who in turn would answer to the Surgeon General of the United States, who would answer to the Under Secretary, who would report to the Secretary of HEW.

Goddard's only chance to escape eclipse was to become administrator of Consumer Protection and Environmental Health. But he had become too controversial for that, too disliked by the influential drug industry. He was considered for the position, but not offered it. Passing him over was a rebuke. He resigned. Last week his assistant commissioner, Theodore Cron also gave notice that he would leave, and other FDA officials who are not quitting are muttering that they have "resigned intellectually." They say privately that it is understood that FDA will no longer risk sharp controversy as it had under Goddard.

The new FDA Commissioner will be subject to the orders of at least four people above him who may not be as eager as Dr. Herbert Ley, Goddard's successor, to continue FDA's tough regulatory activities. Ley is characterized as "the pipe-smoking, reflective type – more introverted than Goddard." He is apt to avoid the inflammatory statements Goddard often made (saying marijuana is harmless, or that the corner drugstore should be closed down). The trade publication *Drug Research Reports* confidently predicts that "the constant public criticisms of drug manufacturers – a specialty of Goddard's as he tried to build up his own and the agency's image as protectors of the consumer interest – are expected to cease." Whenever comparisons are made, Ley is said to differ from Goddard in style; it will be seen whether "style" is a euphemism for "zeal."

FDA has thus lost its commissioner, been submerged within HEW, stripped of its independence and its morale. HEW is considering other changes that would further blur the responsibilities of FDA. "In the last two years," HEW Secretary Wilbur Cohen said June 10, "the Food and Drug Administration has markedly modified its policeman posture." It has, he said, let up on threats of legal actions, begun soliciting advice from industry on proposed regulations, begun to encourage industry self-regulation, and shown an interest in spinning off some of its functions to the states. "At the same time, the Public Health Service is increasingly moving into direct enforcement programs. . . . The traditional, historical differences between the mode of operation of the FDA and the PHS are beginning to disappear. So too is the justification for their separation." Cohen may soon recommend that FDA abandon its regulatory functions altogether.

Wilbur Cohen, a career civil servant with time out for academic work, has distinguished himself in education, welfare, and social security, but less conspicuously in health programs. Under the reorganization plan propounded by his predecessor John Gardner, and recently completed by Cohen, he will be the President's chief advisor on health, coordinating all the disparate health programs in and out of HEW. (The reorganization itself is incomplete. CPEHS, for example, will include Food and Drugs and Air Pollution Control – which are only tenuously related, while the water pollution control program, the casualty of another reorganization plan, now resides in the Department of the Interior.) Cohen talks enthusiastically about the new shuffling of programs, promising that coordination will result in the "delivery" of better "care" to all who need it. But he is still suspect at FDA. As one bitter FDA man said last week, "The second stringers are in, from top to bottom. It will take 18 months to recover."

## *SDS Convention*

# The Many Voices of the New Left

*East Lansing, Mich.*

A logical presumption about this year's national convention of Students for a Democratic Society, held at Michigan State University June 9-15, was that Columbia would dominate discussion. Not only was the Columbia revolt the most successful ever staged by an SDS chapter (of which there are 300 on college cam-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

puses); it also seemed to prove that SDS could recapture student support that had been drifting away in response to the McCarthy candidacy and the Paris peace talks. The convention did begin with a report on Columbia by Mark Rudd, head of the Columbia chapter, but the subject was subsequently submerged in left wing rhetoric about the "working class," "class consciousness," and "struggle." (Mr. Rudd ran for the national committee and came in next to last.)

SDS has a membership ranging from left-liberal students with a vague commitment to activism to hard-line leftists with a thorough grounding in Marx and Lenin and a commitment to making a revolution. Since the convention was dominated by hard-liners, the debate reflected the ideological divisions among the most radical, and vocal, factions.

Although the factions were, with one exception, coalitions that would change with each new issue, three major contingents were identifiable. The exception was the Progressive Labor Party and its allies. Progressive Labor (PL) is a Peking-oriented, disciplined party that has a clear ideological "line." It is heavily represented within SDS because the party sees SDS as a recruiting ground for new members. At the convention, PL delegates continually pushed the idea that students should ally with the traditional working class in a common "struggle" against the ruling class. They also opposed all attempts to centralize SDS.

A second major faction can be called the National Office contingent. This group had no line, although it was identified with the movement to centralize SDS. It also backed a proposal that called upon SDS members to ally with a variety of constituencies rather than simply with the working class.

The third major group was the anarchists, informally led by an off-campus SDS chapter from the lower east side of Manhattan called Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker (the name comes from a LeRoi Jones poem that begins with those words). They were among the vocal opponents of PL, but both opposed centralizing SDS. The personal style of the Motherfuckers contrasted sharply with the staid, closely-shorn PL delegates. They frequently interrupted debate and shouted down speakers. One of them wore a black cowboy hat and dark glasses, in addition to the beard and dark clothes affected by most of them.

There were other smaller factions, plus an indeterminate number of moderates who occasionally objected to the revolutionary rhetoric, but their complaints went largely unheeded.

The deep hostility between Progressive Laborites and others remained beneath the surface until Tuesday, when one of the national officers said that "external cadres" – meaning PL – had been playing an obstructive role in SDS. After that, the battles between factions informed every item of business. The conflict came to a head Friday, just before the elections, after an impromptu speech by one of PL's opponents. He said changes favored by a majority of the body had been defeated because "there isn't a two-thirds SDS majority in the body, unless by some stretch of the imagination you consider PL to be part of SDS." This remark touched off loud applause and a chant of "PL out!" by about a third of the delegates. After the chant died out, an inconclusive two-hour debate followed on the role of PL in SDS.

What may have been most significant about the elections was that candidates for two of the three top offices ran unopposed. Bernadine Dohrn, 26, a graduate of the University of Chicago law school and an organizer of the National Lawyers Guild who considers herself a "revolutionary communist," was unopposed for inter-organizational secretary; Michael Klonsky, 25, a graduate of San Fernando State College and now an organizer in Los Angeles, was unopposed for national secretary. Only the new educational secretary, Fred Gordon, won over another candidate. Gordon, a 24-year-old graduate student at the University of California's San Diego campus (where he has been studying under Herbert Marcuse), had the support of PL because he opposed the National Office candidate (Gordon is not affiliated with PL). He won by a single vote.

Somebody accused Klonsky of being a Stalinist. Klonsky replied, "having been a communist only a few months, I have difficulty in understanding what you mean by that."

A likely reason for the scarcity of national candidates is that they face a year of fighting holding actions against PL. The party's strength in SDS is limited, being restricted to a dozen or so campuses on the East and West Coasts, but PL delegates always turn out in numbers for national meetings. An account of the fate of one non-PL proposal at the convention should illustrate why the PL challenge is likely to pose a continuing problem for the national leadership.

The proposal, drawn up by Bernadine Dohrn and the other delegates affiliated with the National Office contingent, had two basic components. First, it recommended that SDS align itself with a variety of constituencies in the cities—the poor, high school students, workers, etc. Second, it said SDS should move toward becoming a revolutionary party, more centralized and more committed to a particular ideology than at present. The proposal was a clear attempt by its authors to lay down a political challenge to PL. It failed to get a majority.

The proposal's failure to pass indicates why the national leadership is faced with a serious problem. SDS



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may not suffer because the ideological divisions at this one national convention kept delegates from passing a single major piece of legislation, or from seriously discussing campus strategies for the coming year. It will suffer, though, if the national leadership is forced to spend all its time devising ways to undercut PL's influence in the organization.

Richard Anthony and Phil Semas

# *Learning to Teach the Disadvantaged*

On the 14th of last month, the day the Philadelphia contingent of the Poor People's Campaign left for Washington, 15 first-graders from Pratt Arnold Elementary School, under the leadership of Teacher Corps intern Kenneth Vernon, staged their own march. They paraded around the corridors with signs constructed from the words in their *Bank Street Reader* for inner-city schools. By rearranging the simple words in the text, students made up signs reading, "People Need Good Houses," and "People Want Good Jobs." This mock march was the finale in a sequence of three "role-playing" games designed by intern Vernon. The first was designed to teach fairness; the second, to point out the advantages of going to school; the third, the march, to make students aware of the effect of housing and jobs on people's lives.

While Kenneth Vernon was devising these games, another Teacher Corps intern, Cecile Betit, two grades up, was creating one of her own to explore interracial tensions. In her game, a Negro child moves into an all-white neighborhood. The dominant reaction of the black children was fear. When the roles were reversed, a white child moving into an all-Negro neighborhood, black children, playing themselves, expressed feelings of warmth. Afterwards, students discussed the reasons for their response, to the amazement of old-line teachers who thought you couldn't discuss race with kids.

Remarkable as these games are in themselves, it is more remarkable that they arose from a teaching technique interns learned in a course called "Inter-Group [i.e., interracial] Education" at Temple University in Philadelphia. Until the Teacher Corps came to Temple three years ago, the university did not have one single course on teaching the disadvantaged. Now it has quite a few. They are offered as a unit to Teacher Corps interns in accordance with regulations stating that corpsmen be trained as a group, apart from other education students; but some of the courses have also been introduced into the regular education curriculum and others are likely to be in the future.

The Temple Teacher Corps program includes "sensitivity training" to root out vestiges of racial and poverty prejudice; micro-teaching (mock teaching, videotaped, to show the teacher how effectively he is, or is not, communicating); and what is referred to in education circles as inter-disciplinary studies: courses in ghetto psychology, urban sociology, anthropology, linguistics (with an emphasis on the evolution of ghetto dialects), and Negro history (which interns later incorporate into their classroom lessons).

Also included are a number of teaching techniques, such as the role-playing, designed to bring the ghetto child from what one intern describes as "the subdued feelings of inferiority verging on fear, or the unrestrained boisterousness fringing on anarchy, to genuine feelings of self-confidence and creativity."

When Congress set up the Teacher Corps in 1965, it was regarded primarily as a means of producing teachers specifically trained to teach disadvantaged children in the ghettos, on Indian reservations, and in backward rural areas, particularly in elementary schools. The Corps takes liberal arts and science graduates with no teacher training and puts them through a two-year apprenticeship, during which they serve as teachers' aides in the mornings and community workers in the afternoons. In the evenings and summers, they take education courses. At the end, the interns have a master's degree in teaching or education, teacher certification (needed to teach in public schools), and two years' experience. The program is financed basically by the federal government, but the participating local school systems paying 10 percent of the interns' $75-a-week stipend. The federal grants go directly to the universities which have submitted proposals to the national Teacher Corps offices (HEW).

With the first two-year cycle just ended, it appears that 90 percent of the graduating interns plan to remain in teaching, mostly in disadvantaged areas. This figure is heartening, but the number it represents is small—765 (there are roughly 2000 interns in all cycles). Because of the limited impact such small numbers can make, Teacher Corps director Richard Graham now feels that the Corps' greatest effect will be in forcing schools of education to modify their curriculums, giving more attention to teaching the disadvantaged. Heretofore, teacher training, in the words of one educator, has been "an endeavor of the middle class, by the middle class, for the middle class." It has



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been increasingly recognized, however, that disadvantaged children need teachers armed with different methods and material.

Until the Corps was founded, the only school offering a complete program geared to teaching in ghetto schools was Hunter College in New York City. Other colleges had a smattering of inter-disciplinary courses. Others sent would-be teachers into the ghetto for community work or practice teaching. But without the specific training needed to support them, many cried out, as one did to her former professor, "Please to God, if you're going to send teachers into urban schools, prepare them more than I was prepared." Even the best intentions could not prevent these ill-equipped teachers from fleeing, like others before them, to more comfortable middle-class schools, black or white. (The corps is 22 percent black, but interns feel the line separating them from their pupils is more one of class than of race. It is significant to note that not one intern interviewed at Temple, black or white, feels inadequately trained.)

Now, nearly 40 universities have developed courses on teaching the disadvantaged. To receive money for this purpose the universities must show:

► Evidence that various departments are participating in the planning and staffing of the Teacher Corps program. From this requirement stem the far-ranging sociology, psychology, and history courses the interns get. This broadening of training is not an innovation of the Corps but the acceleration of a trend.

► Evidence that teacher corpsmen will be offered on-site instruction, a point consistent with the idea that teacher training should involve more practice and less philosophy; that it should be taken out of the seminars and into the schools. Conversely, there is a movement afoot to bring the community into the college. At Temple, a course in community relations is taught by community leaders and not by the Ph.D.'s who see the community only on the way to work.

► Evidence that corpsmen will be enrolled in related courses focused on the disadvantaged. Obviously if the interns are to be enrolled in such a program, the universities must develop one.

► Evidence that changes in the approaches to education arising out of the Teacher Corps experience will be incorporated into the regular education curriculum, a requirement all programs applying for a continuation of grants are expected to meet. If a university is unwilling to modify its course of study, the Corps will not grant or renew its program, as has happened in a handful of cases so far, sometimes with beneficial results. Failure to get a renewal has led several universities to reexamine their curriculums.

Now, what looks good on paper may be less good in fact. Assistant superintendent of Philadelphia schools, Dr. Bernard Watson, who did his Ph.D. dissertation last year on the Teacher Corps, found that universities occasionally resort to sleight-of-hand tricks to make their proposals seem up-to-date. He cites the case of one university that slapped the title "Urban Sociology" on the same old general sociology course that had been taught for the past 15 years by a professor who was trained in rural sociology. In this, the universities are not entirely to blame. An associate dean of one university reports, "We don't know how to deal with the disadvantaged ourselves, so it's hard to prepare others for it." Part of the problem in refashioning teacher education is the lag in expertise. But there is also the traditional sluggishness of departments of education. The "antiquated," cumbersome university structure of committees and channels led Dr. Evan Sorber, head of the Temple Teacher Corps program, to resort to what he calls the "asterisk technique" to get a successful Teacher Corps adopted. He listed the suspect course in the catalogue with an asterisk and an italic *For Teacher Corps members only*. So many regular students requested the course that it was opened to all. "Once a course exists and a demand is shown," says Sorber, "it's much easier to get something done."

Three years after the Corps was conceived and two years after it was put into practice, four-fifths of the participating universities report they have developed special courses for teaching the disadvantaged. Over half say these courses have influenced other teacher-training programs. A further third indicate that Corps-developed courses are now given, in toto, to other students.

HARRIET DOUTY

## *The Republicans*

# What Are Nixon and Rockefeller Saying?

*by John Osborne*

Richard M. Nixon said on April 23 that the Republican national convention "isn't going to be locked up" in advance this year, as it was for him in 1960 and for Barry Goldwater in 1964. At this writing, seven weeks before the convention opens in Miami Beach, that is



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still the sensible thing to say about it. The primary results and the pre-convention delegate counts seem to assure Nixon the nomination. His New York law partner and national campaign manager, John Mitchell, talks as if the nomination is in the bag and says that Nixon intends to concentrate this summer "on preparing for the intensive campaigning after the convention." But, for a specific and saddening and little noted reason, the seeming winner of the nomination must realize that nothing in the politics of 1968, including his anticipated victory at the convention, is all that certain.

Nixon said several times in April and May, publicly and in private to his campaign association, that he expected Robert Kennedy to be the Democratic nominee. Excluding Eugene McCarthy from his considerations, Nixon figured that Vice President Humphrey had "to depend on the Democratic establishment" and that Senator Kennedy, "playing to the people" with his impressive skills and resources, would have enough support by convention time in August to overcome Humphrey's initial lead among the delegates and win the nomination. Now Nelson Rockefeller, invoking the name and trying to adopt the style of the murdered Senator, is playing to the people in the hope of doing to Nixon, the Republican establishment's favorite, what Nixon expected Robert Kennedy to do to Humphrey. Rockefeller, who has led Nixon in national polls, proposes to boost that lead to irresistible proportions with personal sallies "directly to the people," with weekly advertisements in 41 newspapers, and with network television spots three times a week. He is undertaking a venture in public imagery, massive even for these times, and it just may work. Whether it does or not, we have two candidates for the Republican nomination and a look at what they offer is in order.

*"The game is still blackjack, but this time you don't get carfare home."*

Rockefeller tells us that he offers a choice "between a New Leadership and the Old Politics," the Old Politics being the kind personified by Richard Nixon and, according to Rockefeller, the source of all the crimes that "constantly overwhelm us." This is gimmickry, a sloganeering approach devised by the Rockefeller staff within 48 hours of Robert Kennedy's death and launched on June 11 with a Washington speech and a paid telecast. For the substance of the New Leadership, the inquirer is referred to four speeches on domestic and foreign policy which Rockefeller had delivered since he announced his candidacy in early April. Four recent radio addresses, a statement on federal economic policy, and the position paper on crime control analyzed in this journal by Alexander H. Bickel (*NR*, June 15), are submitted in Nixon's behalf.

Both Rockefeller and Nixon are given to the standard pieties on foreign policy. Rockefeller more so than Nixon. Both of them hold that we should re-order our world relationships and alliances, calling upon our European allies for "less hand-wringing and more work-sharing" (Rockefeller) and seeking "a new structure of security adequate to the age" (Nixon). Both consider that we must continue to bear large responsibilities around the globe, though with keener regard to "the limits of US power" and a wider "dispersal of responsibility" (Nixon), and with a firmer recognition that "our commitments cannot be open-ended, one-sided and interminable" (Rockefeller). Both of them oppose American withdrawal from any part of the Far East (Rockefeller: "We have a lasting commitment and a serious contribution to make to a peaceful and progressive order in Asia"). Both of them have regarded the Vietnam war as a regrettable but necessary involvement, wrongly managed in different ways: we have relied too much on military power (Rockefeller) and used it too cautiously (Nixon). Both of them applaud the Johnson Administration's current try for a negotiated peace. Nixon said in April, in his only comment on the peace talks since he vowed silence while they proceed, that acceptance of a coalition with the Viet Cong-NLF would be "simply the first step toward



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a surrender to the communists." Rockefeller, avoiding specific mention of coalition, has said that "we should accept in South Vietnam's political life any group that seeks its objectives through the political process" and should neither accept nor impose "any solution dictated by force." Both candidates suggest that we should have responded more adroitly than the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations have to the breakup of the old communist monolith, and Rockefeller talks of the opportunities for reconciliation that should result, but neither he nor Nixon believes that the fragmentation has lessened the dangers to our security.

In his first effort to explain his New Leadership in foreign-policy terms, Rockefeller emphasized the possibilities for improved relations within the "subtle triangle" of the US, Communist China, and the Soviet Union. But his view of a continuing communist threat remains as he stated it on May 1: "The so-called wars of 'national liberation', as in Vietnam, can be quite as grave a threat as old-fashioned overt aggression. A divided communist world can threaten us and all free peoples from not one but several centers of hostile power, competing in belligerence. The rapid growth of Soviet nuclear and naval power can pose a greater threat than we have ever known. . . ."

Rockefeller and Nixon are also in basic agreement on federal fiscal and budgetary policy, but Nixon allows his view of it to constrict his social outlook in a way that Rockefeller does not. Nixon agrees with Rockefeller's statement that "the most essential measures are: to set hard priorities on our spending, to stick firmly to them, and to increase income taxes by at least the ten percent proposed by the Administration." But there they part. Nixon was shooting at Rockefeller's more generous view of the nation's capacity to deal with urban decay when on April 21, in the course of arguing that a stringent budget cut must accompany any tax increase, he said: "This urgent necessity to cut the federal budget now rules out any vast outpouring of federal funds into the cities of America this year. Those who are recommending massive increases *now* in federal spending in the cities are, in my view, not being realistic. . . . The reality is that the budget must be cut . . . in the neighborhood of eight billion dollars, and it must be cut by the President of the United States."

Rockefeller had not in fact proposed "massive increases" in *federal* spending to arrest urban rot. In a speech on April 18, spoiled in its effect as so many Rockefeller speeches are by its high content of turgid banality, he argued as strongly as Nixon does against continued deficit spending and for a tax increase in order to restore "fiscal integrity." But he also argued that "the imaginative and responsible use of credit" can provide "at least $150 billion" for the renewal of American cities and city life in the next 10 years. The money would come from state and municipal bonds ($30 billion), underwritten revenue bonds issued by revenue-earning state and local agencies ($60 billion), and private capital ($60 billion) drawn into housing and other urban projects by public guarantees and a core of public seed-money. In addition, Rockefeller would have the federal government increase its direct aid to states and cities by $10 billion a year, apparently (he is not clear on this) in some form of tax rebate. Nixon, focusing as he does on the federal budgetary problem and the inflationary dangers of deficit spending, would rely to a much greater extent than Rockefeller does upon publicly guaranteed private financing of urban development. "What we do *not* need now," Nixon has said, still by implication distorting Rockefeller's position, "is another round of unachievable promises of unavailable federal funds. What we *do* need is imaginative enlistment of private funds, private energies, and private talents. . . ." He moves from this emphasis upon private remedies for public ills to the most striking position he has taken to date on a domestic issue: his challenge to white Americans to listen to militant black America and to encourage "the development of black capitalism." White Americans who hear only the black talk of violence must realize that "what most of the militants are asking is not separation, but to be included in – not as supplicants, but as owners, as entrepreneurs – to have a share of the wealth, a piece of the action." This they must be accorded with capital funds, training, the assistance necessary to equip the people of the black ghettos with "the will, the power, the resources and the skills to remake them." This line of talk sounds to some people like a formula for keeping the blacks in the black ghettos, but it has evoked (from Roy Ennis of CORE among others) black applause of a kind that Nixon seldom gets.

Rockefeller, bidding now for Robert Kennedy's constituencies among black and other poor minorities, hits with some distortion but with essential accuracy at Nixon's heavy stress upon the importance of public order. "It is false to suggest," Rockefeller says, "that we must choose between legal order and human progress. Without progress and justice, there can be no lasting order." Nixon would deny it, but the thrust of his views on crime control, on the freeing of the police from judicial restriction, and on the inequity and folly of reform-by-riot is – as Rockefeller suggests – that there can be no progress and justice without the firm enforcement of order. It is a point that Rockefeller intends to make hard and often, and it dramatizes better than any other the difference that matters between him and Nixon.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Cuba's Fourth World

*by André Schiffren*

We had been waiting for some time in the Mexico City airport, a motley and rather suspicious looking group, as random collections of travelers often seem. I had made out a number of diplomats, quite a few Canadians, and two Americans apart from myself. We had all gone through the long and tedious process of getting the various permits required by Washington, and now in Mexico, the only terminus for Havana in the Western Hemisphere, we had gone through the same process again. The whole bureaucratic exercise had been unnecessary and could be justified only in terms of the mild harassment which we all had to undergo. After three days' waiting in courtyards of peeling government buildings, feeling like members of the chorus in Monotti's *The Consul*, an unseen official, "El Doctor," had approved the permits which, in 12 copies, would allow us to reenter the US via Mexico rather than go via Madrid, as would various subversives, guerrillas and other enemies of the state.

Finally, we were ready to board the dated Soviet plane that alone connected Mexico City and Cuba. Our names were called by a Mexican immigration official. We, the three Americans, found ourselves standing together in the middle of the room; the official took up his camera and prepared his flashbulb. I had known that these rogues' gallery photos would be taken. Yet, somehow, the experience itself was unexpected. "For whom are you taking these photographs?" my neighbor asked the Mexican. "For the government." "Which government?" "I'm sorry, I don't speak English," he replied.

After such a farewell to the free world, one would have welcomed a touch of drama aboard the plane, perhaps a photo of Che or Lenin to welcome us. But the craft was disappointingly anonymous; we had entered the technocratic world of identical engines and interchangeable stewardesses. With our Cuba libres and our after-dinner cigars, we were simply first-class passengers flying from any destination to another.

To my astonishment, the feeling of familiarity lasted longer than the flight. To be sure, there *were* portraits of Che (though not Lenin) in the Havana airport, and posters proclaiming that "The People's Way to Liberation is through Armed Struggle." Otherwise, the small modern airport and the road into town could have been in any Latin country or in our own southwest.

The Havana Riviera, at which I spent my first days, could also have been, as it had, of course, once been, any American resort hotel. As I arrived at 2 a.m. red-jacketed bellboys rushed to carry my bags, a vast lobby was filled with people going to the bars or cabarets that stayed open 'til four. The crowd milling about was well, even elegantly dressed; women in classic black or more ostentatiously in fur throws, orchids and jewels. I could have been in Washington in June when the hotels fill with graduation parties from the various schools, brown, black and white. Only a few couples in working class garb seemed out of place, or rather suggested that a revolution had taken place.

On my first morning a paper was slipped under the door, *Granma*, the organ of the Communist Party of Cuba. The reception desk warned that guests would not be allowed in the rooms, though Cuba has become famous for the liberation of sexual mores that followed the abolition of commercial vice on its formerly horrendous scale. The coffee shop served breakfast to the accompaniment of Muzak (or its nationalized successor), though I had to drink hot chocolate since the meager supply of coffee had been exhausted by earlier risers. The newsstand offered a wide choice of cigars, Polish film, Soviet periodicals.

Though the purpose of my trip had been to visit the state publishing house and the various groups associated with it, I soon discovered that no program had been prepared and that I would, for the most part, be entirely on my own, meeting people as best I could or simply walking about Havana, occasionally speaking with strangers.

Cityscapes speak, and ironically, the comparison with Mexico City proved to be most useful, for without it I would not have seen as clearly the distinction between Havana's genteel but manageable poverty and the feeling of despair that always lurks somewhere in Mexico. Our documentary film maker might find decrepit buildings and some dreary streets, but the people one saw seemed to be getting along, their children healthy if not well dressed and the streets free of beggars or of people who looked as if they should be begging.

Yet life in Havana is austere and the rationing is severe. Shops are nearly bare, though thousands remain open, giving hope and perhaps even some satisfaction to diligent shoppers. Each had something to offer, a catalogue of the minutiae of the Communist world: hairnets or ink from China, silverware from



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Czechoslovakia, periodicals from every conceivable country. The average salary leaves a considerable amount over for purchases and people seem to have the choice of saving up for difficult-to-obtain consumer goods, such as Bulgarian television sets, or spending their surplus on restaurant meals and the like, which are available, if expensive. Thus the government indirectly gets back excess spending power which, it must be admitted, it could easily get back by charging people more than 10 percent of their salary for rent or charging for the impressive array of welfare services.

Still, the one area where the US blockade can be said to be a success is in making the daily life of the average Cuban infinitely more difficult: queuing up for a meager meat ration, looking unendingly for a spare part for an American car, finding a new razor blade or the day's milk ration. As one Cuban told me, you have to watch your own attitudes very carefully. If you give in to these hardships life stops being manageable (or even enjoyable) and every detail drives you further into depression, until you become like those waiting to get away, forsaking the pleasures that Havana still affords and staying home for fear of missing the telegram that will finally tell you that your turn to leave has come.

Yet were a social scientist to examine the long-range effects of the blockade I suspect that he would discover that it has helped Castro's government as much as hurt it. There is a blitz-like solidarity: all suffer together, all are reminded of their persecution by the United States, all are reinforced in the knowledge that they could leave and that this is the price that must be collectively paid for their nation's independence.

The blockade was the main subject of all my discussions in Cuba, which, like a nation of Robinson Crusoes, showed a constant pride in its ingenuity, originality, survival. The smallest detail was proof of victory: the stylishness of the girls (who knit their own net stockings to keep up with the latest fashions), the modernity of the paintings, the contemporaneity of the popular songs on radio and television. The natural inventiveness and genuine gaiety of the Cuban people had won from their government the understanding that their isolation needed the relief of small indulgences. Havana is filled with cinemas, exhibits, even a famous ice cream parlor whose 54 flavors have been mentioned in every report on Cuba.

But nations do not live by ice cream alone and for the Cubans the oil gusher (one) that mars Havana's beautiful shoreline is Heaven sent, a suggestion that nature and fortune are on their side. The oil would help regain independence from the Soviet Union, a degree of freedom which I doubt was expected in the early years of the revolution, when the question was independence from the United States. Speaking with Cubans today, one feels that much was done at that time to limit the actions that America could have considered provocative. Until the Bay of Pigs, a Cuban could leave with all his possessions, including those of his corporation. Even now, when leaving the country is done at the cost of all one's holdings, the rich who elect to stay can live in comfort though undoubtedly in growing isolation. Bank accounts have not been touched, pensions paid by the former government are still honored and many are higher than current salaries; one of the officials at the state publishing house earned considerably less than his father, a retired judge. Though the vast houses that fill so many of Havana's posh neighborhoods have largely been filled with boarding schoolchildren, there are still mansions occupied by one or two owners of old. No one has suggested that these houses be requisitioned and the owners of the relatively few apartments that have been nationalized have been compensated with the equivalent of a handsome pension. Some of the left-wing visitors I met complained about being taken to expensive restaurants filled with idle rich, people who lived from such payments and never even considered working.

I kept on asking myself what Cuba's revolution would have been like, had we never attempted our invasion. The Bay of Pigs was Cuba's great trauma, her sudden separation from a culture which had largely formed her and which, to a surprising degree, still dominates much of her life. The missile crisis was the second betrayal, one which shocked Cubans as much. As one writer told me: "When the rockets were removed, we realized that they had never been ours, that our own interests were of no importance to the great powers. It was then that we understood what it meant to be a small country." Later our conversation turned to Cuba's strong sense of identification with Vietnam. "It is the bombs that were meant for us that are falling on Vietnam," I was told. "Had Kennedy not forced Khrushchev to back down over Cuba, he would never have dared attack Vietnam as he did." Before Cuba, the great powers had been more careful. When, during the Algerian war, French planes bombed the Tunisian village of Sakiet, world opinion had expressed its horror. Now, what small country could ever again consider itself safe (an opinion which I'd heard in Sweden and in France). To an American, such questions may seem paranoid, but the Cubans to whom I spoke were completely sincere when they asked me whether I thought America would ever try to invade again.

The slogan of *Patria o Muerte* is not empty rhetoric, nor does it seem irrelevant to the Cubans when exile groups continue their attacks. The week before I ar-

ANDRÉ SCHIFFREN *is an editor of* Pantheon Books.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rived, part of the Havana post office had been destroyed by a bomb mailed from Florida. Perhaps a little like the Israelis, the Cubans boast of the strength of their armed forces, and even those who dislike the power of the secret police take pride in the fact that major acts of sabotage have been prevented, that Castro can travel safely about his country. The opposition that does exist in Cuba, the openly expressed criticisms, seemed to me to be basically loyal and, as a result, the forays of the exiles seemed all the more like foreign intrusions.

The secret police, I was told, had been trained by the Czechs, part of Cuba's heritage from the years after the Bay of Pigs when Soviet influence was in the ascendant. The Russians had obtained a greater voice in internal Cuban affairs, their sympathizers became entrenched in government and party and gradually, the bourgeois, often old-fashioned values of the Soviets began to be felt throughout the island. There is still a sense of *déjà vu:* an occasional poster or shop window that seems more Czech or East German than Cuban. It is still dangerous for youngsters to wear their hair long, though girls have finally won the right to their mini-skirts. Television once again plays the latest music, intellectuals have regained aesthetic if not political freedom; electronic music, abstract expressionism, hermetic poetry, all issue from state controlled organizations. Havana's newsstands look like outposts of Soviet influence, yet on closer examination one realizes that the Cubans have allowed only the dullest of Russian magazines, a token, exposing the Russian inability to communicate with most Cubans, while forbidding distribution to the Soviet or Chinese political journals that might encourage Cubans to side with these powers. (Individual political thinkers fare better; Marxist dissenters from Gramsci to Erich Fromm are available or promised but they, at least, represent no national threat.)

It is with a few small, independent communist countries that the Cubans have chosen to identify themselves. Countries like North Vietnam who have proved their independence from both Russia and China are regarded as spiritual allies as is, somewhat to my surprise, North Korea. One gets the impression of a shadow international, not a third but perhaps fourth world, Leninist counterparts to de Gaulle, less powerful, altogether, than France but having the power of nations that have shown that they can be destroyed but not conquered.

Cuba had initially harbored hopes of rapid industrialization, but faulty planning and the normal difficulties of such change had limited their aims. A further blow was caused by the realization that Russian aid could be paid only by mortgaging the sugar crop for years ahead and that only this, and other primary resources, could pay for whatever else might be obtained from the rest of the world. The size of each sugar harvest is therefore of immediate concern to everyone. By now, the annual appeals for volunteers at harvest time have undoubtedly lost much of their initial impact. Yet people continue to donate their annual fortnight. Not simply because of social pressures, though these undoubtedly exist, but from simple realism. After a long dinner and conversation with one of Cuba's leading literary critics, he said that he regretted that he could not see me again, but would be off for the next few weeks planting coffee, a task for those not up to the more strenuous cane cutting.

Having toiled in the fields, the city folk and the nation's political thinkers have developed far more reasonable attitudes to the meaning of agricultural work. One economist explained to me that since the revolution, the average farmer worked far fewer hours. "And why shouldn't he," he added. The old workday was killing and took an obvious toll in the countryside, which is still filled with relatively young people, their faces harrowed with age.

Cuba has produced some excellent documentary films and among the best is one that shows the whole cabinet out in the canefields; not only Castro, but all his associates, not for a symbolic day, but for the whole fortnight. The cameras play with the sweaty, exhausted faces of the ministers, recording almost mockingly their perspiration-soaked backs, the ever more tired swing of their machetes, the clearly inefficient strokes with which, bit by bit, they cleared a tiny area of cane. "I remember my first harvest," a young architect told me, "we worked ourselves sick and then looked into the next field and there was one of our few harvesters, doing in a minute the work it had taken us all day to accomplish. It was then that I realized what it meant to be underdeveloped, how close, in spite of Havana's modernity, we still were to Africa."

But Cuba is still dependent on the Soviet purchase of its sugar, and because of this I was astonished by the openness with which Russia was being criticized. The most overt break took place during my stay; the trial of Annibal Escalante, the man whose major role had been the representation of the Soviet view within the Cuban Communist Party.

For days, everyone I'd spoken to had been depressed and worried by the high party meetings which, most unexpectedly, had been taking place. A further break with Russia, a new austerity program, new positions on Latin America, all were possible explanations. To my astonishment, the government did nothing to explain what was going on or to allay the public fears. Finally, on Sunday, the word was out; the leaders of the pro-Russian "microfaction" within the party had



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been tried and sentenced.

For once, there were more than enough newspapers. It was a beautiful, sunny afternoon and like so many others, I had gone to the ice cream pavilion. There, surrounded by people downing their marshmallow sundaes and super banana splits, I read newspaper accounts that made me think of the Russian attacks on Trotsky. The papers were full of a detailed accusation which had led to jail terms for defendants whose activities might well have been normally carried out in an open political arena.

Cuba's strengths and weaknesses seemed summarized in the trial. On the one hand, one saw the traditional evils of a one-party state, the secret trial and secret sentencing of former comrades and allies. On the other hand, here was the leadership of Cuba standing up, as had Tito, against Russian interference in their internal affairs. Escalante and others had been warned many times to desist, ways out had been offered and Escalante had been given a diplomatic post in the East. His alliance with a foreign power had not led to his replacing Castro, as he might have wished, but to his downfall.

What would Cuba be like after it had digested all these experiences? Lacking a strong political tradition, it had gone from fascist dictatorships through a brief revolutionary interlude into a Russian phase that encouraged the growth of an authoritarian bureaucracy. Our blockade could continue to be used as an excuse (or reason) to crush internal opposition. But equally important, was whether any still believed that democratic procedure could be of any use.

Wherever I went, I asked about worker participation in farm, factory or community. I found it nowhere, though there is some talk of increasing local powers. The citizens did not seem to be consulted on projects directly affecting their lives, such as town planning. At heart, people seemed to wonder whether such frills made any sense, whether they might not prove to be unproductive. It was very well for a visitor to argue for workers' councils or for progressive education, but what evidence could I produce to show their relevance to poor and undeveloped countries? Yet Cubans would point to the changes that have been made within the Communist Party where members are now chosen on their merit, by election in places of work. Party members are meant to be purer, harder working cadres and leaders rather than potential bureaucrats. Likewise, the central government seems very aware of the bureaucratic problems and constantly shifts people about, upsetting the status quo and seeking to take away privileges which have come to be taken for granted. (The gas rationing was interpreted in Havana as an attempt to cut down on excessive use of government vehicles by the various bureaucrats who, in Latin fashion, still have the use of a car and often chauffeur.)

But these are limited reforms and one would have to be optimistic to assume they would suffice. Far more important is the simple demographic fact of Cuba's extraordinary youthfulness. There are practically no older doctors or architects; a new generation has been trained and has taken command. People in their 20's are the middle aged, already in positions of responsibility, often youngsters who started their careers during the Soviet period, already acting like a classic new class, needing to be controlled.

The university students are noted for their originality, their lack of respect for authority, their openness. Then there is the horde of secondary school students, 250,000 in a nation of eight million, largely scholarship students of peasant origin, sent by their families to occupy the palatial villas of Miramar where they seem to form a nation of their own. No one knows what will happen to them. They are the object of much headshaking astonishment and more than a touch of envy. They are the bearers of a new moral and sexual revolution, as are their contemporaries throughout the world.

In a typically Cuban fashion, no one seems to know what will happen to all these students once they reach university level, where they have all been guaranteed places. Certainly, there are not enough teachers for them. Perhaps, I was told, they will teach each other, upperclassmen teaching the young as so many have already taught their illiterate elders. Should this happen, as seems likely, then the new generation may be spared the dogmas and indoctrination which might have otherwise been offered them. (What of relevance to the young was there, I wondered, in the massive selections from Lenin that I saw on school shelves?)

What seemed most irrational to me was that this new generation was growing up with very little idea of what America and much of Western Europe had to offer. The librarians and editors who told me of their interest in and desire for American writings represented an older generation. By the time we decide to lift the blockade, the young might have decided we are no longer relevant to their fourth world.

Will the blockade be lifted? Washington officials have begun to speak in gentler tones, suggesting that we would be amenable to Cuba were they to break with the Russians and stop their attacks on Latin America. Still, the blockade gives the comforting, if transparent, illusion that we are doing "something" about the social revolution in Latin America. Without it, we might have to ask ourselves whether we have a workable alternative to a revolution whose independence and radicalism we have done so much to assure.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Stanley Kauffmann on films

## Lesser But Lester

Richard Lester's *Petulia* is a dazzling smear across the screen – fuzzy, unrealized, stunning. He has taken some unlikely materials and, in his gifted hands, they remain unlikely materials; but much of what he does with them is wizardry.

The script by Lawrence B. Marcus, from a novel by John Haase, has some bright dialogue, kooky and kurrent,

*Petulia*
(Warner-Seven Arts)

but it does not validate a basically sudsy, unsatisfactory drama. Petulia is an English girl married to the scion of a rich, reactionary San Francisco family. At a charity ball ("Shake for Highway Safety") she sees a fortyish divorced doctor and at once tells him, with leaden impishness, that she wants an affair with him. He is reluctantly acquiescent; they go to a motel where she gets (euphemistically) cold feet. Subsequently, however, she pursues him, and they bed. Her young vicious husband finds her in the doctor's apartment alone and beats her to the edge of death. After the doctor saves her life, her in-laws spirit her out of the hospital, and she rejoins her husband, of whom she is perversely fond. She refuses the doctor's rescue. They glimpse each other occasionally through the following months. At last she turns up at his hospital to give birth. Even at this moment, the doctor offers to rent a private ambulance and flee with her. She declines ruefully. They part, forever, with a quip.

The point, presumably, is interchange. Early on, the doctor tells a colleague that he got divorced only because he felt nothing in his marriage and wants "to feel something." Petulia feels excessively, and is unstable. At the end he says to her, "You've turned me into a nut"; she has presumably become stable. Unfortunately, this remains an equation on paper. He has not become a nut, as far as we can see, or a more feeling person than he was. The only serious change in Petulia is that at last she is satisfying her starved maternal urge, which is not the same, necessarily, as undergoing a change of character.

The last portion of the film concentrates on Petulia's reconciliation with her husband. Up to then the focus has been on the doctor, and Petulia has been a character in *his* story. This final shift is a tail that keeps wagging but never wags the dog. We are made to go through a simulated nine months – discursive and anticlimactic – all for the sake of that brief *ante partum* scene. Also, throughout the film a lot of her kookiness is drearily arch, including a long sequence about a tuba.

But even this same script would be much more enjoyable with some improved performances. Julie Christie, the Petulia, is a photographer's model, not an actress, so incompetent that she doesn't even seem beautiful any more. Her first film appearance, in *Billy Liar*, was her best – just as a striking face. John Schlesinger, who made that film, evidently became infatuated with her face and adored her, by camera, all through *Darling*. She floundered as Lara in *Dr. Zhivago*. Truffaut doubled her dullness by giving her two roles in *Fahrenheit 451*. Then Schlesinger cast her as Bathsheba in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, which exposed her as a mod Chelsea minitalent wallowing about in Wessex. (Nicholas Roeg, who photographed her well in that film, does it again here.) Now Lester has cast her in light brittle comedy, the kind of acting that is probably the most technically demanding – and she is a girl with almost zero technique! All she has are her face, a pleasant voice, and some weak ability to imitate actresses she has seen. And what has happened to her lower lip? It was always large; now it just seems to hang there, immobile, while she chatters behind it.

Richard Chamberlain, as her spoiled young husband, looks pretty enough but lacks the necessary hint of evil, of filth under silk. Joseph Cotten, his Birch-barking father, has not given a really satisfactory performance since *Citizen Kane*. Arthur Hill, who plays a colleague of the hero's, is a good actor but here is casually unintelligible much of the time.

With these people replaced or improved, results would have been much better, because the doctor is played by George C. Scott who – though not the world's most lovable personality – is a tremendously appropriative actor. With the restraint that, happily, he has been developing, he takes *possession* of a role in a way that makes it unimaginable apart from him, which is at least one definition of talent. I'm unable to believe that Petulia sees this stranger across a crowded room and decides wham-bang that this is an enchanted evening; nevertheless the role and the film quickly become Scott's domain. (That is why the shift of focus away from him is tedious.) Pippa Scott is right as his mistress, the pleasant woman whom no one ever marries. Shirley Knight, as Scott's ex-wife, stops – with brakes screaming – just this side of Sandy Dennis-type sensitivity. A scene between her and Scott in his apartment, full of sublimated desires and tensions, is one of the best in the film.

But all the above – and this is why the picture is remarkable – really tells you very little about *Petulia*. It could describe a well-intended Lumet or Frankenheimer fumble. The difference, the excitement, is visual, is Lester. He was disappointingly misguided here, I think, in his choice of material and players, but once in, he was *in* – uncorked and bubbling. He *attacks* his films, probably too frenetically but with such effervescence of ideas, such eagerness to do everything he can imagine, and with such incessant imagination, that his ebullience seems to spill out of the frame all over us. When we begin to think "Enough already!", he washes our objections away with another torrent of visual energy,

*(Continued on page 33)*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Books and the Arts

## Nightmare of an Insomniac

*by Lore Segal*

Though Hans Erich Nossack has long been esteemed in Germany, *The Impossible Proof* is his first novel to be translated into English. It is a portion of a larger work and encompasses the waking nightmare of an insomniac who dreams himself a courtroom in which to try his own guilt for the disappearance of his wife.

The story is nothing but a wonderfully complete hassle between two aspects of the dreamer. As court he argues for a rational world against the Impossible; as defendant he speaks for something outside the court's competence to understand or judge. The prosecution keeps probing for a factual, a circumstantial, a psychological explanation and is baffled at every turn by metaphor. The court no sooner thinks it's got the idea than the defendant offers an alternative idea by piling on a second and third metaphor.

*The Impossible Proof*
by Hans Erich Nossack
translated by Michael Lebeck
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $4.95)

Nossack admirably renders the imprecision of words in dealing with what does not occur in words – a mystical experience was it? a nightmare? thought itself? On the other hand, recalling with nostalgia the intellectually equal opponents in a Shavian dialogue, we want to quarrel with Nossack for making his court so slow-witted. "What problem are we talking about?" asks the judge. "The problem we have been talking about all along," the defendant answers, "What you, sir, have called the unexpected, although that's surely a misnomer since we all do expect it." "Could you be more explicit?" says the judge. Nossack, however, has his reasons: Imagine the defendant before a realistic court – though this is not what Nossack has in mind. A House Committee on Irrational Activities would be just this dumb. It would be so – and I think this is what Nossack does mean – out of political necessity. It is a matter not of survival, for there is never any suggestion of that, but of our *sense* of survival, that we must not understand the defendant. It is our not understanding him that saves us from standing in the dock alongside him, and it is a necessity in which, moreover, he concurs.

Even while he labors under the frustration of making comprehensible what is by its nature incomprehensible, and to a court committed not to comprehend it, he is under the paradoxical compulsion not to be understood on a principle of something like good manners. It would be "a dirty trick" to do otherwise. It was to safeguard others from a contamination with himself, he says, that he had gone into the insurance business, and he repeatedly offers to accept the court's condemnation without a trial so as to avoid questions that will "rock the boat," will "raise doubt," thereby involving everybody in his own "mortal danger." "What kind of danger?" asks the court. "The danger words themselves face of devaluation and collapse." "Of disappearance without a trace?" asks the quick prosecutor hoping to trap him into an admission. "That too, Mr. Attorney," he answers, foretelling what is going to happen to the court. "We must proceed cautiously."

Is the reader of this review, along with the reviewer, along with the dumb court, waiting for explicitness? Nossack manages to make us nervous. Shamefacedly, we feel a suspense, not as to the whereabouts of the wife nor the guilt of the defendant, but as to what will be the explication of an intellectual threat. We, the generation used to knowing there's no one in God's heaven, with Hitler behind us and the bomb to come, are wondering if there is something to be known that we would rather not know, and if we are about to be told it. And it had better not turn out, after all, to be a McDuffy (as Hitchcock calls the something of absolutely no intrinsic importance which generates the plot and suspense of a mystery story). It had better be bad, and it is bad. It couldn't be worse.

The defendant calls it "that against which there is no insurance." "Does that mean death?" asks the judge. "Death? Of course one can be insured against that. I mean life." Yet at another time he calls it "Annihilation." "What does that mean?" "Annihilation requires no definition."

Life! Death! Annihilation! It embarrasses us to find such words on the surface of the page. However much the defendant insists on the unspeakable nature of what he is saying he keeps depositing these little quotable packets of meaning and we begin to suspect that it isn't so hard to paraphrase what Nossack means: Life doomed by death is unlivable. We come to wonder if the considerable seduction of his writing lies in the pleasure we take in the very threat, in the sophisticated malaise, the more so because Nossack refuses to become explicit, because he insists on an infinity of layers of complexity.

Compare our sensation on first reading Kafka. He *did* rack our understanding. He walked us, searching for coherence, through an unfamiliar element of which coherence is not a property. Nossack works inside the same element but by now it is positively cosy, so many of our friends are here.

If this is a cheap comparison, it is also unavoidable. A trial is a trial; Nossack takes nine pages to explain the defendant's being guilty of a crime the nature of which he doesn't understand. And Nossack handles other old chestnuts: would the court disappear without a trace if it were out of the de-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**A JOB'S IN THE BAG . . . BECAUSE IT'S HAND-CRAFTED IN A MISSISSIPPI COOPERATIVE**

Constructed of sturdy canvas, fully lined. Cheerfully red and blossoming with a sunflower of orange suede and felt. The generous size tote bag pictured here is 20" x 17½" ($9.95). Also available 16" x 14" ($6.50), and 11½" x 10½" ($4.50). All prices include postage and handling.

Canvas tote bags, and all other products from the Mississippi cooperatives, are available by mail order, or at LIBERTY HOUSE, 345 Bleecker St. or 2320 Broadway (corner of W. 84th St.), New York City.

**Make checks payable to LIBERTY HOUSE, P. O. Box 3468, Jackson, Miss. 39203.**

Name .....

Address ..... City .....

State ..... Zip .....

☐ Please send me a mail-order-catalog

| Size | Quantity | Price |
|---|---|---|
| | | |
| | | |

Total enclosed $.....

fendant's eye and mind? Even the metaphorical snowfall – the snow that impossibly falls on a September night to swallow up the defendant's wife – is the snow coincidentally, I'm sure, that lay on the ground where Frost passed on his little horse, and felt tempted to luxurious annihilation.

Nossack has taken a further step. His defendant seems, finally, to condemn himself: He wonders if his guilt might not have been his failure to yield; his casting a backward glance to the insurable world, while his wife has the strength to "depart into the uninsurable: Did I betray my one and only chance? Then I ought to be. . . ." With these words the book ends.

Nossack's language also sends us back to his master. His sentences seem to move at Kafka' pedestrian pace, and I use the word simply, to mean the setting of one foot after the other. Nossack has a way of setting his words quietly one after the other so that they constrain the powerful tension.

When Nossack is not elaborately refusing to spell out that life is provisional, that we are mortal, he does something beautiful and horrifying. He invents and quietly writes into existence a class of persons *living* in this knowledge. You can recognize them "perhaps by a scent . . . or rather the lack of a scent," and "because you feel alone in their presence. . . . Their language is silence. What would they have to talk about?" If the defendant draws the rug from under the court's feet it is because he is one of those who live in the full view of nothing gaping under their own.

Those who choose – or are destined, as Nossack has it – to live in this brutal awareness have to assume a face toward the rest of the world. "We will have to be guided in everything by what they do so as not to attract attention," the wife says. Neighbors – they have no friends – witness to the "pedantic order" of the couple's life, the suspicious absence of anything suspicious. Asked to describe the defendant they "never answer, 'oh he's a regular fellow' but rather with an almost imperceptible reservation, 'there's nothing unfavorable to be said about him'." The defendant tries to explain the difficulty of coming on like a "regular fellow." Even after boning up on football, on politics, he had "possibly sometimes chosen the wrong psychological moment for banging his fist on the table. People might have noticed." "Noticed what?" "That my private life was only window dressing."

Face to face, husband and wife move with infinitely delicate tact, like hemophiliacs, in constant care not to bump into anything, particularly each other. Asked why his wife had called him at the office to buy coffee filters when half a dozen unopened packages have been found in the missing woman's kitchen, the defendant explains that his wife had called daily on some pretext, "to make sure he was there still, or if the time had come." "Had he ever called her?" "No, that would mean acknowledging the other's insecurity too conspicuously." "And had such calls given her the security . . . she needed?" "For an hour perhaps, perhaps through the afternoon."

The couple knows itself to be living out an indefinite "period of grace." Any moment might be the one in which sentence is to be executed, but, as in the theory of probability, there is not even the blessed certitude that there will *be* such a moment. They live at all times "in the proximity of the unbearable."

"You claim that you spent these two hours [on the night of the disappearance after the wife had gone to bed] seated at the table not doing anything?" "Possibly he had stood up when the restlessness had been too much." "What restlessness?" "The restlessness of waiting. . . ." "Why had he not sat in a more comfortable chair?" "In an easy chair he felt imprisoned, unable to jump up quickly enough. . . ."

We have read of soldiers who crack under the strain of waiting and run out into the battle. The defendant telling about the event of that evening and how he suddenly panicked is talking into the now silent courtroom. His words rise to the ceiling and descend like snow falling ever more thickly: It is a beautiful trick. Nossack has rendered in quite the creative-writing class sense of the word, how it is to be annihilated. In midsentence the courtroom, the court, the defendant disappear in the falling of the soft white snow. No one is left except the reader.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# South Africa's White Fortress

*by Wilfred Cartey*

Three new books discuss the closed society of South Africa and, in some instances, relate it to its coefficient, the build-up of white redoubts in other countries south of the Zambezi River – Angola, Mozambique, Southern Rhodesia, and Southwest Africa. With the exception of an essay by Professor Edwin S. Munger in *Southern Africa and the United States*, each of them underlines the polarization of the races, the growth of fear and hatred, and the gradual liquidation of voices of dissent.

*Southern Africa and the United States*
edited by William A. Hance
(Columbia; $6.50)
*The Separated People: A Look at Contemporary South Africa*
by E. J. Kahn, Jr.
(Norton; $5.95)
*The Long View*
by Alan Paton
edited by Edward Callan
(Praeger; $6.95)

E. J. Kahn, Jr. tells us again that "those who hold power in the state seek to ensure the racial purity and perpetual supremacy of their own white group through the system known as *apartheid*," while Alan Paton picks up the buttressing of this system in an image of the white fortress: "Each day, each month, each year, the Nationalists make it stronger. They make the walls thicker; they make them higher." In this walled fortress live the separated peoples.

Kahn's *The Separated People*, the product of three months' travel through South Africa, is impressionistic, anecdotal. Though crammed with interesting facts and observations about life in South Africa, the book hardly penetrates that country's deep-seated political problems. Perhaps Kahn never intended to analyze why, for instance, most white South Africans think that "they are often – and wrongly – depicted as presiding over one huge concentration camp." Or perhaps he succumbed to the charms of the South African landscape:

> "Whatever one's view about *apartheid*, one gets used to it. It becomes part of the environment, like the gorgeous scenery."

We learn, for example, that though the climate is mild, there are few convertibles, perhaps because "South African women don't like to get their hair mussed," that because of the reversed seasons, an all-iris show can be held in October, and that periodical droughts cause suburban housewives gardening problems. Often, in a light, flippant, cocktail tone, Kahn does introduce relevant data. For instance, when black workers "get to a mine their starting rate of pay is thirty-five cents per eight hour shift; underground miners start at forty-nine." But he then decorates these figures: when the mineworkers receive their pay, they go immediately to downtown Johannesburg, "after they tire of looking at themselves in the comical mirrors, many of them do go on buying sprees. They return . . . happily laden with stylish hats, blankets, umbrellas, sewing machines, and briefcases."

Though the latter part of *The Separated People* deals principally with the Southwest African case in the International Court of Law, Kahn's lens is focused on the life style of the white Africaner – English suburban groups, and rarely on those from whom they live separated – the Blacks, Coloureds, and Indians.

*Southern Africa and the United States*, edited by William Hance with studies by four university professors, is packed with facts, quotes, and statistics. It can be valuable to Americans seriously concerned about the relation of the United States to Southern Africa only if it is realized that some of the authors have a definite bias, and in pursuit of this bias they often omit relevant data.

The pagination itself tells an interesting story. The non-white point of view is represented by Leo Kuper in "The Political Situation of Non-Whites," a study which gives a useful historical overview of the increasing political powerlessness of Africans, Indians, and Coloureds and an analysis of the ideological tendencies of each group. While this chapter comprises 20 pages of the book, Munger's discussion of the "New White Politics in South Africa" takes up 52. Perhaps this difference in emphasis is intended to reflect the reality of the power of the white fifth of the population.

In his essay "Southern Africa and Its Implications for American Policy," Vernon McKay concurs with this emphasis, stating that:

> "Despite different initial racial fallacies at the key points in southern Africa, these policies have drawn closer together, and it is everywhere the "white problem" – the racial attitudes of whites – that is the greatest obstacle to progress."

In a section concerning the realities of power, he discusses the separation and polarization of forces (races) concomitant with a growing fear of insurgency and an increase in police strength. The alarm of the white Nationalist government is revealed in the increased budget estimates for defense – from 43,591,000 rands (one rand is worth $1.40) in 1960-61 to 255,850,000 rands in 1966-67 – the introduction this year of compulsory military training for all young white men, and the expansion of the South African Defense Force from a small peacetime figure of 9,091 in 1961, to 21,700 in 1965-66.

However powerful the white fortress, McKay argues reasonably that the dilemma brought about by racial separation must be resolved ultimately by "consent" rather than by force. In an age of self-determination, a govern-

Salasacan tapestries
hand-knit sweaters
filigree jewelry
Cabuya handbags
Indian smocks
. . . *just a few of the fine handcrafted products available from*
**andean**
**box 472 • cuenca, ecuador**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment policy based on "*apartheid* is politically unrealistic because it is solely a white man's idea, adopted without true consultation with the African people, and can be maintained for a time, but only by force." He suggests that in dealing with South Africa two fallacies must be avoided: 1) the contention that pressure should be relaxed because it only rigidifies and solidifies the whites in their defiance, and 2) the wishful thought that, if pressure is relaxed, economic integration will kill *apartheid*. McKay demonstrates that the "effects of industrialization on a rigid racial pattern are only marginal and indirect," and that this "hormone, weed-killer theory" is, given the entrenchment of white separatist policies, untenable.

Two of the other contributors, Professors Munger and Hance, argue subtly against the basic suppositions of both Professor McKay and Professor Kuper. Munger paints a rosy picture of Afrikaner-English relations and asserts a growing harmony between whites and non-whites. To prove this, which to the uninitiated in South African affairs may pass unobserved, he gives examples of felicitous relations. His machine-integration example of the new ties which industrialization may bring to the blacks in South Africa is at best questionable and most likely spurious:

> "When an Afrikaner girl operates a machine by day and an African man operates the same machine by night as in some factories – with the salary difference being the bonus for night work – then the economic unification embraces more than the whites alone."

Clearly Munger premises his whole essay on an accommodation to the idea of separate peoples and, indeed, seems to accept the policy of *baaskap*. Thus, within this framework of separation, any dialogue between blacks and whites is cited as a racial rapprochement. It is significant that those blacks – Chief Mantanzima of the Transkei, Africans on the urban Bantu councils, and African principals of the new tribal universities – whom Munger heralds as participating in "new" dialogue, are generally thought of by those who oppose apartheid as either conniving with the system or as being its stooges. What for Munger is new dialogue is for Alan Paton rigid control.

Munger's essay is intended to assure businessmen that the climate for investment in South Africa is good and getting better. While Professor Hance does not maintain, as does Munger, that there is already a more significant dialogue between the races, he does say that US disengagement from South Africa would preclude the growth of such a dialogue, thus in effect strengthening the walls of the white fortress.

Hance begins by discounting the efficacy of international economic sanctions in bringing about any change in the government or governmental structure of South Africa. Thus, since he has no faith in the feasibility or effectiveness of economic disengagement, his essay becomes a rhetorical statement bolstered by economic statistics. In concluding that "business knows no politics" and that "investment should not be taken as indicative of any country's social, political, or economic politics," he forgot that, at the time of the Sharpeville demonstrations, US financial interests acted in a less than neutral manner. For example, First National City Bank loaned the South African government five million dollars to tide it over that difficult period.

While stressing the inadequacy of the statistics on employment, wage rates, etc., he nevertheless uses them to buttress his case. Though he admits an increased disparity in white and black wages in mining: 1935 – white/non-white 11:1, 1960 – white/non-white 16½:1, he points to more "favorable and satisfactory" trends in employment and wages. He says that in the manufacturing sector, from 1960 to 1966, average wages for Africans increased by 45.3 percent while the cost of living increased 14.6 percent;


# KOREA

## The Politics of the Vortex

### Gregory Henderson

A wholly new interpretation of the pattern of Korean politics up to 1967 and its origins in Korean society and culture, this book is a major contribution to our understanding of that country. The author describes what he calls the "vortex" pattern of social mobility and political life, and shows that, while Korea offers an extreme example of the phenomenon, it may be found in other societies in Asia. In his analysis, he provides an extensive treatment of the Japanese period, and one of the only accounts available of the U.S. Military Government in Korea after 1945. Mr. Henderson is a former Foreign Service Officer who served for over seven years in Seoul and Pusan. *Center for International Affairs.*

Illus. $11.95

**HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS**




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, he does not indicate whether the cost of living increase was computed from the white or non-white base. Although implying that the material well-being of Africans has improved, Hance points out:

> "Whatever the average or total income may be, there is increasing evidence that many Africans are living below the poverty datum line. The Bantu Wage and Productivity Association estimated that 45 percent of workers in 1965 were receiving wages below a poverty datum line of $67 per month and that starting wages were far below this line. . . ."

Whether or not economic growth has benefited non-whites, there is little doubt that as industrialization has proceeded, the state has become more repressive. This process is traced briefly by Kuper in his examination of *apartheid* as a counterrevolution!

> "It was counterrevolutionary in its application of the repressive powers of the state to reverse the racially integrative tendencies generated by urbanization and industrialization. There may be an increasing continuity in the economic structure. . . . At the same time, there may be an increasing rigidity in the political structure, with absolute discontinuity between enfranchised whites and disenfranchised non-whites."

Furthermore, in his section on ideology Kuper cites the belief, widely held by African leaders, that "only violence can bring about change in the structure of South African race relations, and that it is necessary and inevitable."

*The Long View*, which has some good introductory analyses by its editor, Edward Callan, is a testament to the deep, ceaseless involvement of a dedicated white liberal, committed to non-racialism and possessing an unshakable faith in the eventual efficacy of non-violence. It is an account of Alan Paton's public life, an account of his relationship to the Liberal Party and its efforts to influence political decisions within South Africa. The essays here pose three questions:

> "How do we move, by sound and constructive steps, away from white supremacy? How do we avoid violence and catastrophe? How do we get white people to agree to want to share liberty, responsibility and power?"

Paton sees the dilemma of the Liberal Party in its efforts to answer these questions as arising from the fact that "The Liberal Party is a nonracial organization in a society racially organized; it is a bridge organization in a country that is gulfridden." The gulf has been widening, Paton says, and widening, it swallows up many of the liberal dissenters. Unlike Professors Hance and Munger, Paton unequivocally maintains that any economic support, actual or symbolic, of the ruling white Nationalist regime offers that government time to widen further the existing gulf. During this purchased time ". . . white South Africa will be given a period . . . to abate the hostility of the outside world . . . to hasten the pace of separate development *within* the country, and to prove to the world that it actually can work, and can bring advantages to non-white Southern Africans."

Paton repeatedly points to the increasing vehemence of repressive governmental measures through which many people of liberal persuasion have been silenced and intimidated. Yet, "the very vehemence of these attacks is . . . proof that the Nationalists fear something that exists even within themselves." And thus, in South Africa, the fear of bondage has become the bondage of fear.

The tone is not bitter (indeed, it may even be thought to be too repetitively moralistic) yet, at times, Paton gives way to scathing images such as the following:

> "Dr. Verwoerd, on the one hand, and Mr. Vorster, on the other, are largely responsible for this transformation [in the concept of the value of *apartheid*]. It is Dr. Verwoerd who has taken the trollop *apartheid*, put a clean white dress over her dirty undergarments, renamed her 'separate development,' and persuaded many intellectuals and churchmen . . . that the girl is a virgin. It is Mr. Vorster who has made people afraid to doubt the virginity, and afraid to see the dirty undergarments. . . . The dubious virgin, whose white dress has been made to charm all Western lovers, even perhaps to cause a flutter in some Eastern hearts, cannot help lifting it to show her dirty undergarments. And what is more, this sluttish action, while repelling some, excites others – notably, visiting businessmen."

Because *The Long View* is a collection of Paton's articles and speeches over many years, it seems at times repetitive; yet because the problem of South Africa is deepening and becoming more encrusted such repetition is not only understandable but abundantly necessary. Redundancy can only be charged after the problem has been resolved, after *apartheid* disappears, after the domination of a minority over a majority has come to an end. The walls of the fortress grow thicker, he says, but he believes that they must not be violently blown asunder, and so he

Are you tired of the drabness & sameness of things? The little boxes, the conformity, & everybody has what everybody else has?

We might be able to add a soupcon of difference & romance to it all. If you are not yet our customer (unlikely, but possible!) do send for our color-full '68 catalog filled with the most unusual & beautiful gifts, leather goods, opulent optics, gastronomic gear, toys, tools, etc. ever assembled. Most of them ours exclusively—not available anywhere else.

Help stamp out conformity. *Clip this ad & mail to us (with your name & address & zip) and $1 bill (no checks please they drive our bankers mad!) We'll rush you a catalog plus $2 Merchandise Certificate you can credit to your first purchase.* Every month or so, we'll send you an offer for something new & exciting that can be gotten only directly from us. An unusual proposition? Perhaps . . . but Haverhill's is unusual. You'll see.

584 Washington, San Francisco 94111 **haverhill's**

TNR 0629




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

patiently and laboriously chips away. In *The Long View*, Paton sketches the lives of many men and women (Margaret Ballinger, Christopher Gell, Mrs. Edith Jones, Chief Albert Luthuli, and Michael Scott among others) who expended their creative genius and their talents in order to destroy the walls of the fortress and bridge the gulf of separated peoples. Reiterating his belief in the essential equality of all individuals, those who so live can say with Paton "This is what I was and did and thought, this is how I lived or tried to live, and if I lived again, this is how I should try to live."

# *Why Review Poetry?*

*by Howard Kaye*

I suppose criticism is never more than somebody's likes and dislikes, with rationalizations. A book like this one, where the likes and dislikes outweigh the rationalizations, poses in unusually pure form the question of why we should bother to read criticism. The bulk of this book is composed of sixty-odd poetry reviews, most of them only a couple of pages long. There is

*Babel to Byzantium: Poets and Poetry Now*
by James Dickey
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $5.95)

scarcely room in this compass for more than Dickey's opinion of the poet's general worth; and besides, Dickey deliberately eschews "the full-scale critical performance." He offers us "the individual's reaction," "the bodily and often purely irrational personal experience of the poem. The first thing to say about Dickey's critical taste is that he tries hard to experience as freshly and fully as possible, free of preconceptions. On virtually every page we find him qualifying, modulating, and backtracking in an effort to be fair. He writes well, but usually declines the temptation of the slashing epigram in favor of a judicious incorporation of the opposite of his primary thesis. Dickey's frequent contradictions testify to his fidelity to all the constituencies, even the minorities, of his feelings. He begins a review with the statement: "Robert Duncan is certainly one of the most unpityingly pretentious poets I have ever come across," and then describes a poem of Duncan's as "a visionary statement of obsessing beauty . . . something dictated by an angel or one's wild, necessary, and incontrovertibly personal demon." Dickey formalizes his tendency to contradictions in his brilliant essay on Randall Jarrell, which is written as a dialogue between A and B. B demolishes Jarrell with scornful gusto: "the poems are the most untalentedly sentimental, self-indulgent, and insensitive writing I can remember." And A defends Jarrell on the grounds that, interested in "reality," Jarrell has "broken through" such technical considerations as rhythm, imagery, and style.

Dickey does, of course, make judgments. As far as I am concerned, his "bodily experience" is wrong about as often as it is right. Some of his preferences are unexceptionable: E. A. Robinson, Theodore Roethke, Howard Nemerov. But W. S. Graham, a tight-lipped Dylan Thomas, is not "the most individual and important young poet now writing in English." Nor did E. E. Cummings possess, in 1959, "more sheer, uncompromising talent than any other living American writer." Dickey's weakness for the glitter of paste is most obvious in his comments on specific passages. He quotes some lines beginning:

> Someone approaches to say his life
> is ruined
> and to fall down at your feet
> and pound his head upon the side-
> walk.

He believes this bathetic slapstick has an "authority that shakes the involved beholder to his bones."

Dickey's likes and dislikes have a pattern, however much he yearns to greet each new poet with virginal freshness. He is a democratic liberal of the poetry shelf, impatient with the pretentions of the radicals to his left – the Charles Olsons, the Duncans, the Ginsbergs, the coffee-house warblers of woodnotes wild: all those who fall within the damning purview of Donald Allen's anthology, *The New American Poetry*. Though free, to Dickey's mind, of academic impotence, they disdain even his minimal standards for poetic form. To Dickey's right are the traditional poets, characterized by strict adherence to metrical forms, rhymes, and abstractions; he is unsympathetic to them too. Much of the center, as well, comes under attack, particularly the "school of charm" (James Merrill, Richard Wilbur, Anthony Hecht), which tries "to raise banalities, through verbal manipulation alone, to what passes for consequence." I think Dickey is correct in his contention that most poets of reputation today are longer on skill than on substance, but salvation does not lie, as he hopes, in an access of barbaric vitality from the left. Bardic rant is all we will get if we cultivate the Ferlinghetti within.

The most serious defect of Dickey's critical sensibility is in the area of traditional poetry. As he says, "I have always had trouble distinguishing between artificiality and the traditional modes and methods of verse." He is unable to read traditional poetry sensitively, and to make intelligent discriminations among poems and poets in this mode. It is all "over-intellec-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

*During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:*

*July 27*

*August 10* *August 24*

*Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated*

*August 31*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tual" and "sterile" to him, and so he tars with the same brush Thom Gunn, who is a major poet, and Ellen Kay, who is a versifier. He prefers Yvor Winters' early poems to his later work, which is a little like preferring Leopold Mozart to his son. He thinks J. V. Cunningham's sequence *To What Strangers, What Welcome* is damaged by a concession to the limitations of traditional form; but one of the themes of that sequence is the exhaustion of the belief in traditional form as a way of ordering experience, and a weary lapse into inglorious syllables. He deals perceptively, if wordily, with Edward Arlington Robinson's indecisive and speculative temperament, his obsession with failed opportunities, his identification of ideas with personal histories. But praising Robinson's vision, he ascribes to him all the while a verbal insensitivity and diffuseness, an inability to write compact and dazzling lines. This limitation applies to the typical Robinson poem, but in his best work Robinson need defer to no one in the authority of his details. For instance, a stanza from "Veteran Sirens," a poem about aging whores or aging spinsters – perhaps both:

> But they, though others fade and are still fair,
> Defy their fairness and are unsubdued;
> Although they suffer, they may not forswear
> The patient ardor of the unpursued.

Dickey is not moved by this sort of icy precision, and so he has written a good introduction to Robinson's second-string poems.

Dickey's engaging candor informs the three longer, personal essays which end the book. "Barnstorming for Poetry," an account of his adventures on a poetry-reading tour of midwestern colleges, shows a considerable talent for personal journalism, or "history as a novel." Expected to entertain, Dickey acquired a guitar and began to drink twice as much as he was accustomed to, waving his arms wildly about, exhilarated with the thought that maybe he really *was* Dylan Thomas. "Notes on the Decline of Outrage" describes the feelings of a liberal white Southerner in the early sixties, caught between his conscience and his grandfathers. The last essay, "The Poet Turns on Himself," explains why Dickey's poems are the way they are. I had hoped that some of the elements of his poetry that I don't like, such as his meters and his animistic mysticism, had somehow slipped in accidentally, like bad habits; it turns out that he did exactly what he intended. As far as I am concerned, Dickey is at his best in not-quite-typical poems like "Kudzu" or "Cherrylog Road," where he forgets his hortatory anapests and his "split line," and forgets to sing with the voice of the trees – where he treats a subject of general interest in a sober way.

I am about as far as possible from James Dickey's ideal reader. For me, his ideas are pernicious and his taste is wildly unreliable. Still, he is an interesting man, and this book is, at the very least, superior entertainment.

## ART

# *Britain's New Generation*

*London*

When in 1964 the Whitechapel Gallery began its "New Generation" exhibitions under the sponsorship of the Peter Stuyvesant Foundation, there was no precedent for such an event in England. Money for the arts isn't easily wrung from industry in this country and, what is more, the general public has not until recently shown very much interest in younger painters and sculptors.

The aim of the New Generation shows was to catch young artists at the exit doors of the art schools before they had found their way to established commercial galleries. Six traveling bursaries were to be awarded each year (in exchange for a work), on the basis of necessity and not graded for merit.

A lot has happened to contemporary British art since the first Whitechapel New Generation. For one thing, many of the artists initially seen there have found an international market; some of them have represented Britain at foreign biennials; Paris and New York have come to respect London as a fountainhead of talent. The situation has not changed so radically, we are not so far advanced in a new British school of painting and sculpture that we can sit on our laurels. But Bryan Robertson, the director of the Whitechapel obviously thinks otherwise. This year he has presented an Interim Report which attempts to take stock of the careers of those he has chosen to exhibit in the past few years.

Not so long ago all London could expect in the way of a showcase for young artists was the "Young Contemporaries" annual free-for-all, selected and hung by students of the arts colleges. The most important of these took place in 1961, when Peter Phillips as president and Allen Jones as secretary, hung a group of unknown artists such as Ron Kitaj, David Hockney, Derek Boshier, Patrick Caulfield, along with themselves.

Around 1963, the Institute of Contemporary Arts began to get wind of the fact that there was a legion of footloose talent about, and they instituted their "Young Painters" exhibitions. It was here that Hockney, Jones,

**I REQUIRE . . .**

**a "dating service" that**

- ☐ has outgrown pop prattle about the "swinging scene" (ages 21 to 65)
- ☐ has the enlightened versatility to match flower children and Wall Street tycoons (although only sometimes with each other)
- ☐ has penetrated bigtown anonymity to dare deal only with its more cultivated, intelligent, literary community (48% through personal referrals)
- ☐ offers exclusive, expensive, exhaustive, individual processing by trained consultants

☐ A LOOK AT YOUR OUTSTANDING QUESTIONNAIRE

**MIND MATES**
**Bureau for Interpersonal Relations**
**509 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10017**
**MU 2-3757**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The facts at last about a mystery that has baffled the world for 44 years

**The Zinoviev Letter**

**A Political Intrigue**

By Lewis Chester, Stephen Fay, and Hugo Young

In 1924 a single seditious letter, written over the signature of Grigory Zinoviev, Russian President of the Third International, contributed greatly to the downfall of the then incumbent British Labor Government, and precipitated a rupture in Anglo-Russian trade relations that lasted for many years. Now the inflammatory Zinoviev "Red-letter" stands revealed as an audacious forgery and a stunning testament to the vagaries of history.

"Fascinating and plausible . . . I have never seen any comparably complete reconstruction." – HARRY SCHWARTZ, Soviet expert for *The New York Times*

Now at your bookstore • $5.95

Lippincott

An exhaustively researched (540 references) exposure of the useless and harmful things being done in the name of welfare, correction, therapy and education. A closely reasoned demand for common sense and economy in the education of children. A demonstration of the usefulness of reactionary concepts like love, freedom, responsibility, manliness, courage, perseverance and moral values.

**IS THERE A SCIENCE OF BEHAVIOR?**

George von Hilsheimer,
General Superintendent
Green Valley School

*"This thin volume blows like an icy wind through a discipline long dominated by alchemy. Mr. von Hilsheimer has produced a provocative work which any parent can understand and benefit from."*

Robert F. Kephart, Publisher
Human Events

**$2.50 from**

**Humanitas Curriculum**
**P.O. Box 606NER**
**Orange City, Florida 32763**

Peter Blake, among others, first received critical attention. Meanwhile, some of London's best and most adventurous galleries were opening: Robert Fraser in April 1962, which was soon to show Blake, Boshier, Caulfield and Bridget Riley; the Rowan Gallery in July of the same year, with a group of unknown sculptors such as Phillip King, William Tucker and Isaac Witkin, as well as painters Paul Huxley and Mark Lancaster; Kasmin in March 1963, with David Hockney and a school of post-painterly abstractionists. The Grabowski Gallery put on a show of Pop Art in 1962, including most of the relevant names mentioned above, and Victor Musgrave's Gallery One, which had first shown Riley, was busy searching out artists fresh out of art school.

So when Robertson conceived the New Generation idea, a lot of groundwork had already been covered. In the spring of 1964, for instance, Edward Lucie-Smith, the critic, had put on a "Critic's Choice" show at Tooth's Gallery, which included many of the artists who were to turn up in the autumn at Whitechapel. As a result, the first show, exciting as it was, could be nothing but predictable. The stated aim to exhibit artists "roughly halfway between leaving art school and becoming established," was conveniently put aside while Robertson busily caught up with and pinpointed the recent past by showing Boshier, Caulfield, Jones, Hockney, Phillips, Riley, as well as John Hoyland, Huxley, Brett Whiteley, Patrick Procktor and Michael Vaughan. The only two relatively unknown names were Vaughan and Caulfield. The former had been seen nowhere and the latter only at the "Young Contemporaries." (Most of the painters mentioned in this column will be seen in September at Macy's British trade exhibition in New York.)

The following year the same thing was done for sculpture: David Annesley, Michael Bolus, Phillip King, Roland Piché, Tim Scott, William Tucker, Isaac Witkin and Derrick Woodham emerged as the hard core of a new school, to a large extent inspired by Anthony Caro's teaching at St. Martin's. Most of these artists either already had galleries or were fairly well known.

With these local stars launched into orbit, critics, the public, and foreign dealers looked forward to the 1966 show which was finally meant to fulfill its purpose of locating unknown new talent. Alas, the exhibition was not a success. The critics were harsher than they need have been, but it was clear that either Robertson hadn't done his homework, or the difficulties in finding a New Generation every year were greater than he had at first imagined. The show was mediocre in the extreme and except for Mark Lancaster, Victor Newsome and Francis Morland, there was little to indicate that another generation had evolved. Actually, the show was more noteworthy for the artists it had ignored, such as Colin Self, Clive Barker, Derek Southall, Ted Bullmore, Peter Sedgley, and others who apparently did not fit into what was beginning to look like a Whitechapel Style.

Perhaps crushed by criticism, perhaps strangled by the financial worries which have dogged the Whitechapel since Robertson took over 16 years ago, there was no New Generation the following year and the gallery remained closed for six months.

And now we have "Interim," which apart from marking time, attempts to take stock of what has happened to the Bright Young Things of the Swinging Sixties. Two of them, Riley and King, have made it to this year's Venice Biennale. The rest have all become attached to powerful galleries at home and abroad and are rushed around the world in unwieldy exhibitions of young British art put on by the indefatigable British Council.

"Interim," it is sad to report, is a pathetic affair. Artists who have now hit the top are so committed that they have had nothing current, or indeed, nothing at all, to send to Whitechapel this year. Caulfield, although a slow starter, has zoomed so far ahead of his colleagues that the catalogue notes – themselves a masterwork of excuses and evasions – lamely put down his absence on the ground of "the pressure of exhibiting in America." Tim Scott is missing, we are told, because he "has dispersed most of his recent work



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abroad." Moreover, Phillip King has understandably sent everything off to Venice, and is represented only by a small, insignificant, albeit charming, work of 1963, although the stated purpose of the exhibition is to show only recent work.

But far more unfortunate is the fact that many of those unknown artists who first appeared in the 1966 exhibition seem to prove for once that the critics were right. They look even thinner and more retrograde now than they did then. Douglas Binder, one of the few to show promise in 1966, has latched on to other styles and systems, and his painting now looks like an unlikely cross between Caulfield, Hockney and Procktor. His brief stint of decorating shopfronts for boutiques has done nothing to help him find a more individual attitude.

What is more, there is a current fad for Minimal geometric layout, producing a dreary sameness in ideas, colors and design: John Carter's paired rhomboid and bar, Colin Cina's rather insipid rhomboids on shaped canvas, Roger Cook's detachable four-piece canvas frame surrounding a single toned square, Knighton Hosking's cut-out aluminum screen of rectangular shapes, even Justin Knowles' rather surprising switch from playful colored shapes to polished rectangular steel forms, all have the ring of empty rhetoric about them – of quotations pilfered from trendy art journals. The truth is that certain kinds of pure geometric Minimal abstractions from America just do not travel well – they belong on 57th Street.

On the more positive side, Patrick Procktor has emerged as an artist of some insight and power with his *Great Leap Forward* – a large *machine* depicting the Red Guard cultural revolution. If it is somewhat à la Hockney (a close friend of Procktor's, Hockney actually appears in the picture), this is no bad thing, for Hockney's own contribution – a portrait of Procktor – ensures his reputation as one of our leading lights, bound to inspire followers, if not a whole tradition of figurative painting, based on fine-line draftsmanship.

Michael Vaughan also shows much improvement with his switch to geometrical abstractions of pieces of cake – Battenburgs, layers and iced sponges cleanly sliced open and dissected as if by a surgeon. Unfortunately the Battenburg at Whitechapel is inferior to the other confections he has recently exhibited at the Hanover Gallery.

Paul Huxley has also come up with some very bold geometric designs, strongly engineered and brilliantly colored, the picture at Whitechapel being reinforced by a solid exhibition currently at the Rowan Gallery.

Of all the first string artists, Derek Boshier has made the most dramatic change, from his expressionist Pop paintings to cool plexiglass and neon sculpture which uses a new type of shimmering plastic. The work at Whitechapel is a magnificent blue dome, lit eerily from within.

But despite this handful of successes, one has the sneaking suspicion that the New Generation idea, even in its Interim edition, has run aground. For one thing, it is absurd to expect a new generation every year, and for another, with the best will in the world it is impossible for one person alone to select young artists from the hordes of graduating art students. Rather than giving us a wide cross-section of all that is happening at the moment in London (and a lot *is* happening), Whitechapel is in fact producing its own idiosyncratic image. Perhaps this is the moment for Mr. Robertson and the generous Stuyvesant Foundation to stop reflecting on past glories and examine the whole idea afresh. They might even discover that far from there being a lack of a new generation, it is actually a matter of the older one being unable to discover where it stands.

MARIO AMAYA

### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Lore Segal *is the author of* Other People's Houses. *She is also co-translator of Christian Morgenstern's* Gallows Songs. Wilfred Cartey *is professor at Columbia University's Institute of African Studies.* Howard Kaye *is a graduate student of English at Columbia University.* Mario Amaya *is the editor of a London magazine called* Art and Artists.

# Correspondence

## D.U. Process

*Sirs:*

I am personally appalled at the implications, speculations, general misinformation and faulty conclusions relating to the University of Denver in your issue of May 25. The hostility to the University I attach to the author of the article has apparently been brought into the pages of your good publication to both my surprise and sorrow. The time I took in an effort to properly acquaint the author with the circumstances that led to the Chancellor's action, fully backed by the Board of Trustees in accordance with well established disciplinary procedure, obviously was misspent. Understandably, it was read publicly at a rally today, seeking support to storm the chancellor's office by the small group whose cause has been consistently marked by irresponsibility, which an article such as this feeds.

*Bud Mayer*
*University of Denver*

ATTACH LABEL HERE

CHANGING ADDRESS?

*Send both old and new addresses to*
Subscription Department
The New Republic
381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio

*Allow four weeks*
*for change to become effective*

New Address

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State ..... Zip.....



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Sirs:*

Your misleading essay "Student Power" (May 25) performs a disservice to higher education, particularly in its inaccurate account of recent events at the University of Denver. Since his arrival last fall, Chancellor Maurice Mitchell has devoted extraordinary efforts to student affairs, and D.U. has seen a year of significant change: students will henceforth have freedom to choose between the dormitories and off-campus housing; undergraduates are to be admitted to the University Senate; and a revised and expanded honors program has been developed after close consultation between students and faculty. Your implication that the D.U. administration is "complacent and inflexible" is untrue and unfair.

Our recent episode in the current wave of campus anarchism does indeed deserve close scrutiny. On no other American campus so plagued has the precipitating issue been so trivial or the administration's response so decisive. It is untrue that there "was a specific refusal of the university's Board of Trustees to allow graduate students a vote or representation in campus elections." Procedures for student elections are established in the constitution of the undergraduate Student Senate, which can be amended by vote of the students, ratified by the Board of Trustees. There has been no evidence that graduate students, as a body, desire representation. An insurgent group of about 40 students (all but two undergraduates) demanded that one of their number, a first-year law student who had previously been a D.U. undergraduate, be allowed to run for office in the undergraduate Senate and informed Chancellor Mitchell that if he did not immediately set aside the existing constitution before the Trustees met to consider amendments, they would sit-in on the day of the election. Far from being "justifiably angry," their leaders deliberately set out to provoke a showdown. Forewarned of the approaching exercise of "student power" the administration efficiently imposed its superior power, and without violence or "police brutality" brought to a prompt end a comic-opera "confrontation."

The immediate fate of the 39 students, suspended for one year, and, hence, the usefulness of Chancellor Mitchell's action as a precedent for other universities, now rests with the federal appellate courts. If sustained, D.U.'s response will, I believe, be a major contribution to the strength of American higher education. Let there be no misreading of the basic issue: D.U.'s reaction does not represent a triumph of reactionaries or a resurgence of Joe McCarthyism; rather it points to the preservation of our colleges as free and rational communities for the discussion and criticism of ideas. This is a cause to which all liberals should rally; indeed, the more ideological of the D.U. insurgents have specifically labeled "liberalism" as their foe. Can there be any doubt that the end result of the recent epidemic of campus uprisings will be a reaction against the freedom and financial support American higher education has struggled so long to achieve? Surely the major achievement of the Berkeley rebels was to facilitate a partnership of mutual convenience between Mario Savio and Ronald Reagan.

*Theodore R. Crane*
*Associate Professor of History*
*University of Denver*

*In reply . . .*

Professor Crane does not seem very interested in the fate of 39 students, many of whom may be in Vietnam a year from now when their suspensions have elapsed. Universities normally will not accept transfer students who are on suspension from another school. The Army will. What is important to Mr. Crane is that universities not lose their sugar daddies – in D.U.'s case private support from foundations, alumni and other contributors. It's something to think about. At a recent Columbia University alumni meeting in New York one man got up and announced that in the future he would make his contributions not to Columbia but to D.U., where they know how to handle student demonstrations. But is it enough that administrators act "decisively," or that in arresting college students police do not brutalize them?

Chancellor Mitchell, who impulsively expelled the students, ignored a university appeal board's recommendations of leniency, and changed expulsion to suspension. The extremity of his action has been unmatched at any other university in response to student protests. Mitchell promised alumni that D.U. would not be another Columbia, or Howard, or Wilberforce, and it certainly is not. But that, in itself, is not something to be proud of.

The Denver confrontation *was* over a trivial matter. The students might have saved their derivative protest for something important. But – as a result of the suspensions – that is no longer the issue.

Mr. Crane says that there was no refusal by the university's board to allow graduate students representation on the student senate. Someone is mistaken. Perhaps it is the university's public relations office, run by Mr. Bud Mayer, whose release at the time of the expulsions stated: "Earlier this year, the [student] senate passed an amendment opening election to graduate students. Their constitution requires that amendments be ratified by the board of trustees. Although the senate failed to formally present its amendment to the board . . . the issue was brought up informally by the board. . . . The board indicated that it would not approve any change which expanded the membership of the student senate beyond the full-time undergraduate student body." The student senate subsequently approved the candidacy of a graduate student for the April senate election. Chancellor Mitchell ordered the name deleted from the ballot.

Chancellor Mitchell is new at his job. His appointment last year raised some eyebrows since he came to D.U. without the usual academic credentials (a college degree of his own). Thirty-nine University of Denver students may find some solace in this.

THE EDITORS

Coming

*What Disney Teaches*

*by Peter Michelson*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Schlesinger Speaks

*Sirs:*

A few weeks ago Leon Keyserling wrote a letter to *The New Republic* (June 8) in which, among a host of other complaints, he accused me of an "attempt to smear [Vice President] Humphrey by saying that he would like to see a Great Society for Asia." In responding to Mr. Keyserling, I accepted his implied assurance that the Vice President had never said any such thing.

I should have more faith in my own memory and less in Mr. Keyserling, who turns out to be wrong once again. The Vice President on a CBS News Special on April 19, 1966, said regarding Vietnam: "I think there is a tremendous new opening here for realizing the dream of the Great Society in the great area of Asia, not just here at home. And I regret that we have not been able to dramatize it more.

*Arthur Schlesinger Jr.*
*New York, N.Y.*

## Origins of US Politics

*Sirs:*

As a professional historian I am absolutely awestruck by Jesse Lemisch's review of Bernard Bailyn's *The Origins of American Politics* in the May 25 *New Republic*. In just a few pages he has made a startling new contribution to historical knowledge by demonstrating something that historians never before realized – that 18th-century England and America were *not* participatory democracies! Needless to say this revelation makes everything else that has been written on this subject (including, of course, Bailyn's book) utterly worthless. In fact, thanks to Professor Lemisch, there is no need to write anything more about Britain and America during the period of our Revolution, for he has provided us with all we need to know – and in a book review, to boot!

I am sure that others will join me in hoping that Professor Lemisch now proceeds to shed his Marxist, New Left light on other, so far dark and misunderstood historical eras. Certainly, in my own case, I can hardly wait for him to do so.

*Albert Castel*
*Western Michigan University*

*In reply . . .*

The combination of vehemence, inaccuracy and lack of substance in Professor Castel's letter may suggest to readers something of why the writing of American history is today in such a backward state. Of course I said nothing about participatory democracy, nor that Bailyn's book is "utterly worthless." I did say that it seemed to me faulty to draw conclusions about "American" (or "English") thought or social conditions on the basis of study only of an "informed" elite, and especially inaccurate to describe as "democratic," quarrels among the powerful at which the *demos* was expected to be at best a spectator. My contentions are basically conservative methodological points about evidence and proof (although, when followed, they may lead to some radical conclusions). Far from saying that we have "all we need to know" about the American Revolution, I indicated that at present we know very little and must free ourselves from pluralist and elitist biases if we are to learn more.

*Jesse Lemisch*
*University of Chicago*

## Kauffmann, *from page 22*

and when we begin to object again, another torrent, and so on. It is something like being on a beach and getting knocked down by a wave every time you try to regain your feet. It may not be the best swim of your life, but there is a kind of beauty in the sheer power of the surf.

As with Lester's past work, *How I Won the War* and *The Knack* and the Beatles films, it is impossible to describe any one minute of *Petulia* in less than thousands of words. He works with a barrage of visual jokes, cross-references, contrapuntal strands, and mere mood inserts (like recurrent quick microscopic shots of mobile cells which suggest what we see with our eyes closed). I note a few indicative items. Through the main story he sifts in another story, telling us how Petulia brought back a Mexican boy from Tia Juana. This under-story is breached in subliminal flashes, puzzling at first, until we see the relevance to Petulia's child-hunger. The first flashes are bewildering, as if we had stumbled on irrelevant privacies, but Lester is making a mental model for us: showing us how strangers think things unknown to us and how, as we get to know them, we know somewhat more of what they are thinking.

San Francisco is distilled, in this Technicolor film, almost as knowingly and humorously as London in *Blow-up*. The Japanese garden in the large city park; cable-cars, of course, but *very* briefly; rows of tract houses that stretch over hills like tombs in a giant graveyard. A blue-filter scene in a supermarket dawn evokes chilled inhumanity among the frozen foods. Background detail is touched in lightly, to make the city and the world: a pair of leathery lesbians drift across the fringe of a few scenes; the P.A. system in the hospital calls – among the sick – for a doctor to move his parked car; a puzzled hostess reveals her manipulated life in a glance when, from her dining-room in the distance, she watches Scott leave her husband's home suddenly. Lester works by a system of cinematic mosaic, a lot of swift whirling pieces that, through careful selection and their very number, resolve into pattern and hard surface.

Much has been said about Lester's relation to TV-commercial style. In London (where he usually operates) there is a small club-restaurant off St. James's Street frequented by film directors where, I'm told, they meet and try to decide by details of style which of them made the commercials that were seen on the telly the previous night. These men include, or did for

**BOOK HUNTING?**

ANY BOOK LOCATED! No matter how old or long out-of-print. Name the book—we'll find it for you! Write to—Dept. NEW

**BOOKS-ON-FILE**

Union City, New Jersey 07087



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many years, the leading directors in England. Commercials have fed many of them literally and fed Lester in two senses. He *uses* the jam-packed clevernesses of our time to comment on the clevernesses of our time; and to catch – to exploit seriously – the audience whose eyes and ears are whetted to those clevernesses. (Specialists say that the commercials are the most popular TV items with children. What will films be like 20 years from now?) He understands the psychology, the media-orientations behind the clevernesses, and they are what interest him. To say that his pictures are only extended TV commercials is (in large analogy) something like saying that David Smith's sculpture is only aggrandized arc-welding.

My own reservations about the subliminal barrage are somewhat different. It seems to me that the quick-flash reference sometimes hinders imagination, instead of helping it: deprives both the actor and the audience of some rightful imaginative exercise. Everything is *shown*. (If Petulia had a line about heaving a rock through a window to get the tuba, and if Miss Christie could play it, it would be funnier than showing the incident.) But the idea of tracing out the lightning of the mind on film is relatively new; needs exploration; and Lester is one of the best directors exploring it.

Here he has spent his talents on inferior materials and performers. But at least *Petulia* frequently scintillates where, in lesser hands, it would have been pretty dull.

## PERSONALS


MAKE YOUR WILL. Why delay? Get 4 Will Forms and attorney's informative book, $1.00. Legal Forms Company, Dept. 25, 1967 Guardian Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

SILENCE TV COMMERCIALS. "Do-it-yourself" instructions 25c; complete kit $2.00. THE SILENCER, P.O. Box 106, Berkeley, Cal. 94701.

AUTOMOBILE BUMPER STICKERS, Custom-made, low-cost advertising for Organizations, Special Events, Political Campaigns, Slogans School Projects, Business, Theatrical Productions, Tourist Attractions, Motels, Resorts, and Drive-Ins. Write for Free Brochure, Price List and Samples. Please State Intended Use. Reflective Advertising, Inc., Dept. NR, 873 Longacre, St. Louis, Mo. 63132.

FOREIGN PAPERBACKS. Free lists. BOOKS, P.O. Box 767N, San Leandro, California 94577.

"PROTEST WITH DISTINCTION"; Controversial underground bumper stickers. Free list: Dealers inquire. SNICKER STICKERS, Box 4243, Hollywood, Florida 33023.

QUAKER STUDY CENTER – Suburban Philadelphia. Special program for study in social change, non-violence and radical living. Also year's seminar on man's search for meaning, confirmation and dialogue. Write: D. R. Fradley, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. 19086.

ORGANIZING CORPORATION dealing in Oil Ventures. Dr. Field, Box 112, Brooklyn, P. 12, N. Y.

LOVE GOOD COOKING? It has never tasted as good as when prepared according to FOR THE LOVE OF JEWISH COOKING. Only $2.75, including mailing; Temple Beth El Sisterhood, Arch & Vine, Berkeley, Calif. 94708.

CUSTOM-MADE BUTTONS, BUMPER STRIPS, DECALS, BALLOONS, PARKING PERMITS. Union made. Send $1.00 (refundable) for catalog and samples. LARRY FOX, Box 581-N, Hempstead, N. Y. 11551.

DEDICATION FOR THESE TIMES: "I Will WORK As If Everything Depended On Me; I Will PRAY As If Everything Depended on God." 4" x 8½" plaque, mahogany finish, gold bevel, $2.50. IDEA PLAQUES, Rye, N. Y. 10580.

"ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS;" Abolish Slavery: Abolish Conscription; Age 18 Vote. Bumperstickers, 1/25c; 10/$1; 100/$5. Legalize Liberty, POB 36061, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036.

PHYSICIANS! SCIENTISTS! ENGINEERS! We invite all concerned citizens to join us in support of Senator Eugene McCarthy for President. Your contribution and your participation are urgently needed. Contributors of $10.00 or more will receive 2 "Scientists and Engineers for McCarthy" bumper stickers. Scientists and Engineers for McCarthy, National Headquarters, 827 No. Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21201.

CHANGING ADDRESS? Vacationing? Send both old and new addresses to: The New Republic, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Include your mailing label if possible. Allow four weeks to change.

SLEEP-LEARNING; HYPNOTISM! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, Washington.

KING-SIZE BUMPERSTRIPS – "McCarthy in '68," "Reagan & Lassie in '68," "Melt General Hershey," "Studying Causes Cancer"; 2/$1, 5/$2, 15/$5. TOPP, PO. Box 1802, Chicago, Ill. 60690.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities. Includes "Directory of American Companies Overseas," and special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send $2.50, plus 50¢ postage/handling. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-N, East Islip, N.Y. 11730.

COMPUTER DATING SERVICE for single adults. Send for free brochure. COMPUTADATE, P.O. Box 20-N, Peabody, Mass. 01960.

INVEST INTERGRATED HOUSING. Prospectus tells all. Free copy: Write Morris Milgram, Dept. NRC, Mutual Real Estate Investment Trust, 30 E. 42nd St., NYC 10017.

DISCOVER AN INTRIGUING, fun approach to meeting alert, literate, Jewish singles. No computers used. For FREE analytical questionnaire write: OPERATION MAZELTOV, 550 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL. Make your own strobes, light-machines, color organs, etc. with easy instructions and diagrams. Send $2.00 to Lightrays, 713 K Pine, Phila., Pa. 19106.

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS WANTED—Top money for political items, especially of the OLD LEFT: Debs, Foster, et al. George McAfee, 13 Seminole Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21228.

LANGUAGES FLOOR YOU? Discover Esperanto: as fun as a game; as serious as world understanding. Free facts from International Language Society, University of Chicago, 1212 East 59th Street, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

RUBBER STAMP SALE NOW IN PROGRESS. "Resealed by the CIA"—Stamp letters, packages, etc. $2.50 postpaid. Jack Hansen, 4907 Ames, Omaha, Nebraska 68104.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importers, Dept. 8-6, 79 Wall Street, NYC.

STOP REAGAN, 4350 Army St., San Francisco.

THE WORLD FUTURE SOCIETY has come far since Andrew Kopkind reported its formation in "The Future-Planners" (NR, Feb. 25, 1967). Members receive THE FUTURIST, a bimonthly reporting scientists' forecasts for coming decades. Membership or subscription: $5 yearly. World Future Society, P.O. Box 19285-NR, Washington, D. C. 20036.




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year bimonthly training course free. Write MEDITATIONS, P.O. Box 566N, Ojai, California 93023.

WHO NEEDS IT? Independent study? Personal freedom? A chance to help make a new kind of college work? If you need it, write Admissions NR, Franconia College, Franconia, N. H. 03580.

"FOUR WILL FORMS" and Lawyer's Guide to Wills. $1.00 complete. National Forms. Box 48313-NR, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

## LITERATURE

CONTEMPORARY POETRY needed for new little magazine. Atom Mind, Box 827, Syracuse, New York 13201.

OPINIONS WANTED for new newsletter. Pop music to Politics. Latest issue, 25c. INTERCOM, Box 822, Erie, Pa. 16507.

PAPER TIGER, new magazine of the adult new left. Send 25c for sample. Dept. NR1, 245 Roxbury St., Boston, Mass. 02119.

SOCIALIST BOOKS – Literature, catalog, free. New York Labor News, Dept. R, 116 Nassau Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201.

NEW LEFT LITERATURE AVAILABLE. Write for free catalogue. Dept. NR2, New England Free Press, 245 Roxbury St., Boston, Mass. 02119.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS - All subjects. Catalogue free. Wants found. Transbooks, Box 44-NR, Matawan, New Jersey.

MODERN LEADER examines How to Christianize world. Introductory letter—Art and Revolution—$1.00. Portable Playhouse, Dept. ML, P. O. Box 5922, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

## EMPLOYMENT

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES – Teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators; department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 2780, Windsor, Connecticut.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest Government Information and Forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-EE, Long Beach, California 90802.

GENERAL RESEARCH ASSIGNMENTS conducted by research specialist. Quick, accurate, reliable. Moderate rates. Lawrence Sork Jr., 239 South Bristol, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049.

## SCHOOLS AND CAMPS

PERRY STREET KIDS SCHOOL. Open year-round for children whose parents are fundamentally in agreement with the writings of A. S. Neill, John Holt, Paul Goodman, and others. Interracial. International. Kids can sleep over. Bill Pigman, Su Negrin, 156 Perry St., New York, N. Y. 10014. (212) 255-6614.

WORLD FELLOWSHIP CENTER, Conway, N.H. For a rare combination of recreation, dialogue and conferences on international and domestic problems.

ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL, Burnsville 2, N.C. –Grades 7, 8 and 9. Co-educational, informal, non-competitive. Work-study program. Liberal Quaker leadership.

## VACATIONS/TRAVEL

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE – $1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying freighters. Travel-tips, 40-20JAX, Bell, Bayside, N. Y. 11361.

SWISS RESORT: AAA, Nature, Peace, Beauty, Modern comfort; sports; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. Conway 603 – 447-2818.

287 EUROPEAN HOTELS, 167 cities, 24 countries. Excellent, inexpensive. Prices, addresses. $1.00. Voyages, Ltd., Box 24684NR, Los Angeles, California 90024.

DRIVE TO MEXICO. You'll need special Mexican auto insurance. When you buy your coverage from Sanborn's, you get a big free bonus – Dan Sanborn's famous mile-by-mile road direction "logs" to follow your very own itinerary, plus latest info on highways and accommodations. Write for free "Trip Planner" packet – very helpful. SANBORN'S, McAllen, Texas 78501.

NO HECTIC "ORGANIZED" ACTIVITIES; Children's Haven, Erudite Clientele, Informal Family Vacations. Lake Shore Resort, Northwood, N. H.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED. Everything furnished, $7.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes (NR), Box 569, Ely, Minnesota 55731.

WANTED: ADVENTUROUS, INTELLIGENT, unincumbered young lady to assist elderly university professor with planning and driving on "off-trail" research-vacation trip, Mexico-Guatemala or United States. August. Expenses paid. No salary. Box 3060, New Republic.

## PROPERTY – Sale/Rent

ONE FINDS SOME PEACE HERE—Must sublet furnished one-bedroom apartment. Steps from beach. June-August. By week or month. Schwent, 18 18th Court, Hermosa Beach, California. 213—372-1578.

NOVELIST needs secluded house, August-September. Quiet, responsible. Can't pay much. Allan Frankel, Box 6201, Albany, Calif. 94716. TH 5-5154.

RENT: Furnished cottage by week or month for July near Pico-Killington Mts. Write: Tall Timber, Box 461, Rutland, Vt. 05701.

## ARTS AND CRAFTS

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 3, Ohio.

CABUYA BAGS—Woven natural-fibre handbags—leather trimmed—for beach, campus, casual wear. (C. D. Project) Write: Andean, Box 472-R. Cuenca, Equador.

## MUSIC

EUROPEAN CRAFTSMANSHIP, AMERICAN WOOD, make the superb Sabathil harpsichord. Vancouver, Canada.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md.

ENJOY HUMOR, MUSIC, SATIRE? All three perceptively combined in recent West Coast FM program series. Rare opportunity to obtain the hour program, most relevant this election year, entitled: "SOME NOTES (mostly musical) ON AMERICAN POLITICAL HYSTERI(A). From the Boston Tea Party to Adlai Stevenson with song quality no more uneven than our elected officials (Samuel J. Tilden's campaign song is a catastrophe of classic proportions)." Special introductory offer: $4.95 for broadcast quality tape plus list of other programs. Mensana, P. O. Box 10355 (R), Alexandria, Virginia 22310.


### CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion) .....25c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....23c
Per word 12 times in one contract year.....22c
Per word 24 times in one contract year.....20c
Per word 48 times in one contract year.....18c
Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C. 20036

Printed By The McCall Printing Co.
Mid-Atlantic Division




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# ARE YOUR LOCAL POLICE READY FOR THIS SUMMER'S RIOTS?

The eruptions in Detroit, Newark and Watts have taught them a lot about riot control. And after this summer's experience even more sophisticated methods will be developed. It will cost millions to protect your property and save your hide, and millions more will be spent for new welfare programs. We're all for these welfare programs and more of them. They'll buy time and ease misery, and then we'll go through it all again next summer.

There is a better, more lasting way. It's called self-help, and nobody knows better than we that it works.
Community Development Foundation (CDF) is our name.
CDF is a non-profit peace corps formed in 1959. Our purpose is to get people to start helping themselves. It's working overseas. It's working on Indian reservations and in the Southern Appalachian Mountains. Now, with your help, we're ready to move into the American urban ghettos.

CDF supplies technical advice and small, interest-free loans. We'll train neighborhood volunteers in the techniques that are succeeding in Latin America, the Far East and Appalachia. Then, the people themselves will decide what their community needs the most, and they'll supply the sweat, muscle, and time to do it.

Employable mothers may elect to form cooperative day nurseries. Teen-agers may build recreation centers. Men may request interest-free loans to start bold and imaginative programs that will increase their incomes and raise their self-respect.

Once people start helping themselves, there's no stopping them. But to get started we need your help. Please send anything you can afford for "seed money." This summer, maybe we can spare one community from violence, burning and looting. It could be your town. Please act now. Time is running out.

All contributions are tax deductible. Make checks payable to Community Development Foundation, 345 East 46th Street, New York, New York 10017.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED